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Poetry.

INCONSTANCY.

Against the curtained pane, beloved,
The snow beats thick and fast,
The wild wind's sorrowful refrain
Is telling of the past.
And in the old familiar chair,
Beside the hearth-fire's glow,
I sit and sing the tender air
You loved so long ago.

Ah, often since the Springs, beloved,
Have blossomed above your rest,
I breathe the sweet old song that sings
Itself within my breast—
As children in the cheerless days
When Winter darkly lowers,
Retrace the garden's golden ways,
And talk of last year's flowers.

It never seemed to you, beloved,
When we walked hand in hand,
Amid the sunshine and the dew
Of youth's enchanted land—
It never seemed to you or me
That I could sing or smile
If you were lying silently
Within your grave the while.

We thought we could not live, beloved,
If we were torn apart—
That earth would have no more to give
To either stricken heart;
Alas, the change that time has wrought;
Your grave has held you long,
And in a home where you are not,
I sing the dear old song:

Do you look back to me beloved,
From out your happy sphere,
And deem me false, that I can be
Alive and you not here?
Death does not always bring its balm
To every aching ill—
Life may outlast its dearest charm,
And heart break does not kill.

It would have been the same, beloved,
Had I been first to die—
Another love had worn your name,
More dear, perchance, than I;
Ah, after all these weary years,
Would you more constant be?
And would you drop those bitter tears,
And sing the song for me?

Our Story Teller.

THE TELL-TALE NECKLACE;

—OR—

The Soldier of Fontenoy

A Tale of Circumstantial Evidence.

CHAPTER XII.

BRAVE AND TRUE.

"Raoul," moaned Adrienne, "I had forgotten him!"

She hid her face on her mother's breast.

Raoul entered, gay and handsome, carrying a casket, which he was about to offer to Adrienne, but, struck by her attitude of dejection, and the sorrow reflected in each face, he paused, placed the casket on a table, and going to Adrienne, took her hand in his. She raised her tearless eyes to his face.

"Adrienne, what is this?"

"Speak to her, Raoul," said the duchess, disengaging herself from the girl's arms, and leaving to Raoul's love the task of restoring Adrienne to happiness.

"She may listen to him," was her remark to the chanoinesse, and the two ladies withdrew to a distant part of the room.

Adrienne seemed inclined to follow them. Raoul was mystified.

"Will you not look at the jewels I have brought you?"

He drew the girl to the table, and, opening the casket, disclosed a set of magnificent diamonds. Adrienne glanced from the gems, blazing as with inner fire, to the young man's earnest face.

"These are a fit offering for the daughter of the Duke and Duchess de Aubretot, but I canot accept them."

Her voice was clear and firm.

"Adrienne, what do you mean?

"This: that I have not the right, for I—oh, Raoul!—I am not their child!"

"I know that, Adrienne."

"You—Raoul?"

Adrienne fixed her eyes, full of wonder, on the young man's calm, steady features. He smiled in his bright, reassuring style.

"How long do you remember me, Adrienne?"

"Always, Raoul, always!—that is, I seem to have lived at one time in another world, peopled with the visions that today took form and life. That passed away, and in the second world you are always present in my pictures of incidents and old pleasures."

"You are right; I remember you ever since O'Rourke carried you, a delicate little child, in his strong arms. I played with you, great boy as I was. I liked to listen to your baby talk, and invent amusements for you. I knew that you were not my aunt's child, and understood that the fact was to remain a secret to you."

"But you did not know that my father is alive—that he is a——"

"Adrienne, I must again plead guilty to what I consider a justifiable piece of deception. I know all about your father. In fact, years ago, I overheard some remarks made by O'Rourke to an old comrade of his, and I, boy-like, questioned him. He first bound me to secresy, and then admitted that what I had gathered from his remarks was true."

"And did you—oh, Raoul—did you believe with him in my poor father's innocence?"

"Of course I accepted his story, and his view of the circumstances. He was positive as to your father's innocence, and insisted that some terrible mystery veiled the whole sad tragedy. Your impressions as to your father's presence on that fearful night, he declared inexplicable; nothing but a miracle, he said, could ever exonerate your father, and account for your words."

"And he was right! Oh! Raoul, I saw my father to day."

"To-day, Adrienne?"

"Yes; that chain of galley-slaves! You must have passed it, and seen them."

"We did—Henri and myself. But do you mean that your father——"

"Was one of them. We recognized each other. Oh, Raoul, that vision that you tried to have me forget; it did not come in vain! It has haunted me for years; it will never come again as a dream. So long as he lives an outcast, a slave—those words will ring in my ears—You have destroyed me!' I shall never get away from the sound!"

"Adrienne you must not give way to this grief. Something may be discovered to clear up this mystery."

"How? When? You say a miracle must take place. Will the dead rise to help him?"

"My darling, what do you mean?"

"Oh! you think I am losing my reason, but I am not. Oh, I wish I could!"

"But tell me, Adrienne, what is troubling you?"

"Can you not understand! This man, whom my father succored on the field—this Count Mornasse—if he is really dead, then one hope is gone."

"I see—one that your father trusts to for proving his innocence. Well, inquiries can at once be commenced."

"The chanoinesse has promised to undertake them as soon as she reaches Paris; but I know they will be useless—the count is dead."

"Of that you cannot be sure; and, Adrienne, this grief will not lessen your father's sufferings; it will but add to them, if he hears of it."

"And I was so happy, Raoul. I did love you, and now, in resigning your love, I realize what it has been to me: I appreciate its value." Her voice sank in low sobs.

"Did love me, Adrienne! Resign my love! What are you saying?" He caught her hands.

"I must say it, Raoul—I must! It is all over!"

"All over! Why, Adrienne, nothing in us has changed since morning. You have come to the knowledge of a sad secret; what has it done with my love for you—with yours for me? If it were possible, I think I love you more than ever, for this discovery has proved your sincerity of heart, your depths of feeling, the nobility of your soul! If you will hear it, listen, *all!* I now renew my proposal of this morning, not to Mademoiselle d'Aubretot, the only child of the Duke and Duchess d'Aubretot, but to Mademoiselle Adrienne Renaud, the daughter of a brave soldier, now bearing nobly and like a hero the penalties of an unjust sentence. Will you accept my hand, Adrienne? my heart you cannot refuse. Together we will seek the proofs of your father's innocence! together—restore him to freedom and happiness!"

"Oh, Raoul, I thank you, I honor you for those kind words——"

"Surely, Adrienne, such devotion is worthy of reward!" said the duchess, reading the girl's expressive features."

Adrienne shook her head.

"I cannot accept the sacrifice. I must be equally generous. No, Raoul; you have a noble career before you; your proud name shall not be sullied—it shall not be linked with that of a convict's child!"

"Adrienne, can you say that you no longer love me?"

He spoke passionately. Adrienne flushed under his eager, searching glance.

"How can I say it, Raoul. I shall always love you!"

"Then I shall hold you to your promise. I will not resign you until you come to me and say, 'Raoul, I have ceased to love you.' I will wait for you, if need be, until death separates us."

"There, Adrienne, you see you have every reason to be happy and hopeful,' said the chanoinesse. "We shall all work with the one object in view, that of proving your father's innocence. In the meantime, you must try to be cheerful; and Valentine, who is so sensible, will sustain you with her own faith in the ultimate success of our efforts."

"You are all so kind, so true," murmured Adrienne, as the chanoinesse embraced her, and Raoul pressed kisses on her little hands. "But, indeed, Raoul, I am perfectly serious; you must try to forget me."

"And I am equally determined to win you, Adrienne; so let us trust each other as we have always done. Here comes Valentine and Henri. I hope she will not destroy Henry's happiness one of these days, because she has no father to love."

"That is Valentine's sorrow. She has no father, no mother, and the chanoinesse has forbidden any questions on the subject of her family. We can sympathize with each other more than ever now. She frets, because uncertain of her father's fate, and I, because I have condemned mine to a living death."

"Adrienne, was I right in telling the chanoinesse?" said Valentine, coming in, followed by her lover, who still wondered at Valentine's depression, being ignorant of the event that had shocked her.

"Yes, it was best, and the marquis?"

"He has not heard."

Adrienne looked from Raoul to his friend.

"Let there be no more secrets, Raoul, about me. Tell the marquis my wretched story. He is kind; perhaps he will not blame me more than I deserve; he may even pity me."

"Adrienne," cried Valentine, as the young men left them, "now that we are alone I must tell you about the chanoinesse. She and the duchess have gone out on the terrace; so we are quite safe."

"Valentine, how excited you are! Surely there are no more mysteries—no more horrors?"

"I will tell you. When I left you with your mother, I went in search of the chanoinesse. She was in her room making preparations for her journey to-morrow; but when she saw how troubled I was, she sat beside me on the sofa and listened very attentively to my story. I must have told it very incoherently, for I had nearly finished it when she asked me if your father knew the name of the man whom he found on the field. 'Why, yes,' I said; 'the Count de Mornasse. That moment I saw her turn white, and she seemed about to faint; but I fancied that she dreaded giving way before me, for she controlled herself and motioned to me to go on. Every few minutes she would repeat to herself, 'Dead! dead! De Mornasse dead!' Yes, it must be so! That would explain!' I said, 'Oh, but we hope he is alive, because he alone can help poor soldier.'

"Well, Valentine, why do you stop? Does she believe that the Count de Mornasse is dead?"

"I fear that she does, Adrienne. When more calm she told me that the soldier's story might be correct, as from a circumstance known to her she was sure that the count was in France at that time"

"Yes, so she said to the duke, and I think that, for the first time, his conviction of my father's guilt was shaken. But, Valentine, something troubles you. What is it? I keep no secret from you"

"No, Adrienne, I shall keep nothing from you. It is only a suspicion suggested by the curious expression that I saw in her face when her eyes met mine; but I am almost positive that the Count de Mornasse is in some way connected with me!"

"With you, Valentine! Oh, that would be so strange! To think that even on that fearful night our lives became in some mysterious way drawn together"

"One thing is very clear to me, Adrienne, and it is this: In going to the assistance of the Count de Mornasse, your father became involved in all this misery."

"Why do you say that, Valentine? Surely it was a good action! another would have done the same thing."

"Probably. But another would not have been the victim of like circumstances. These papers and jewels were a great responsibility; he felt them to be such; he was near his home, and the idea of leaving them with his wife was his strong motive for going there that night.'

"But the murderer, the robber, would have gone there anyhow, I suppose?"

"Perhaps so. But no suspicion would have rested upon your father in that case. His fatal visit home was the thing that ruined him."

"Oh, Valentine! you are trying to remove the blame from me; but it is useless. I am still the witness whose evidence destroyed him."

"And I hold to my opinion. In his zeal to serve another, he sacrificed himself."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Adrienne's prayer for a witness, even from the dead, received no answer. Days and weeks crept by. She hoped against hope, comforted and upheld by warm, devoted friends; but at length even her courage failed. Travel was slow in those years, and letters lingered on the way. The chanoinesse was undoubtedly doing all in her power; but as yet no tidings reached them from Paris.

The Marquis de Calonne was very buoyant, and even his opinions did much to cheer Adrienne. Numbers of noblemen, exiled in forty five, were returning to France. He heard of them through various sources, and kept a close look out for the name now constantly on every one's lips.

"The Count de Mornasse," Adrienne would repeat. "The duke, you know, says that there were two—father and son. The old count arrived in England; but, since that year, that awful year, no news of either has ever reached France."

The duchess would look fondly on the girl, who seemed to fade before her eyes, and would whisper of tidings soon coming. The duke, absorbed as he was in the duties of his office, grew kinder to Adrienne as the days passed. How well she understood him! In everything she was still his child; no suspicion of the truth had been breathed even to the servants. Adrienne, to the world, was still Mademoiselle d'Aubretot, betrothed to the rich Viscount Raoul de Langey, young, lovely, wealthy; an only child, spoiled by doting parents. Hard as it was, she bore her part in the observances exacted by the society that surrounded her. At receptions she and Valentine shared with the duchess the task of entertaining the many guests that liked to honor the Governor of Provence.

But, when the gay crowd had dispersed, when freed from the weight of rich clothes, the pressure of jewels, and the constant anxiety to appear what she was not, then Adrienne would give way to her bitter despair. Seated at her window, she would gaze in the direction of the distant city, where her father was, no doubt thinking of her, and her vivid imagination would bring before her eyes his figure and face as she saw them on that last day.

O'Rourke sometimes brought news of him: he would see him at work and cautiously glances: if possible, a few words. Always the same message for his child: Adrienne was to be happy and contented: the knowledge of her well being took the sting out of his disgrace.

And this was the burden of every one's advice: she was to be happy. Adrienne tried to please her well wishers, tried to think calmly of the weary man, still strong and young in years, with a long life yet before him, to be filled only with misery, and found her efforts futile.

To forget, no matter for how short a time, was but to remember, with additional anguish, when the distraction was over.

Aided by the duchess, the young people were always arranging and carrying out little pleasures. Adrienne was always ready for a drive to the city—it held a hope of seeing the father who, in one short interview, had won the girl's whole heart.

One morning Valentine surprised the party with a new recreation. Adrienne was sitting on the terrace, listless and pale, Raoul in vain trying to interest her, and the duchess was listening to some plans of the Marquis de Calonne's, when Valentine came out to them.

"There is news' O'Rourke has just come from the city. Would you believe it, the chateau next to this is open, full of workmen, and the court is crowded with wagons, bringing all kinds of things from Tulon.

"What, the Chateau La Grange! It has been closed ever since we came to Provence," said the duchess.

"Who owns it?" asked the marquis.

"I never heard. The duke, you know, has no curiosity, and I never think of asking about it for fear of getting on dangerous ground. No doubt the owner is coming home."

"That is the old chateau, Raoul, that I told you about. I used to wish to visit it. I am sure that you can get there in a few minutes through the door in our orchard-wall." Adrienne sat up, suddenly interested.

"Suppose we go," said Raoul, rising. "If the place is full of work-people, we can look around without disturbing any one."

To distract Adrienne was the most desirable of all things. In a few minutes the whole party was ready. The girls, arm-in-arm, ahead, the duchess, who was not so light of foot, a little behind, a young man on each side to smooth all difficulties.

The orchard was bright with sunlight and fragrant with ripe fruit ready to the hands. Valentine took a peach, tossed it in the air, and laughed as she caught it again. In spite of being nameless, in spite of Adrienne's sorrow, life to this girl seemed brimming over with delights; to her it was impossible not to appreciate and enjoy them.

It required some time and much strength to open the iron door, but once thrown wide open, it was evident that this door had been purposely arranged as a means of rendering communication between the two chateaux rapid and easy. A few steps led to a winding path, now overgrown, whose thick leaves resisted sun and rain alike.

A few minutes' walk brought the party to a small garden, on which opened a side-door of the chateau. The sounds of voices and various noises proclaimed the presence of the new occupants, and Raoul, without hesitation, led the way into the vestibule, and opened the door leading into a large parlor. The girls ventured after them.

Exclamations of surprise and pleasure followed. Here everything had been modernized and fitted up with the luxurious extravagance belonging to the age. Persian carpets covered the floor; the walls were concealed with crimson damask; crystal lusters hung from the high ceiling, their glories being multiplied in the large Venetian mirrors. Satin couches, gilded furniture, candelabras, and clocks on marble stands, took up much of the space. Every table held flower baskets of gold, or ivory, or ebony, while here and there china monsters, and pieces of rare Chinese porcelain, were scattered with lavish hands.

"What can this all mean?" said the duchess.

"And done so quietly, too; it is like the scenes in a fairy-tale, where all is changed by the motion of a wand!"

"Let us go farther," said Adrienne. "We can ask who is coming to take possession of all these elegant things!"

Valentine had already reached a door which opened into a small ante-room. This was also newly-furnished, to correspond with the one they had just admired.

No person was visible. They went on until they reached the main hall of the building. Here a number of men were unpacking boxes, and a woman was giving directions.

But she knew nothing of the owner, or of his whereabouts. Orders had been received from Paris by agents in Toulon, and she had been engaged with a small retinue of servants to oversee the care of the chateau after the rooms were refurnished.

In the main hall the improvements had not been commenced, but, although dusty and faded, the hangings and furniture were of a modern date, and in good condition.

Valentine examined the apartment in silence, touching the furniture, and walking up and down as if intensely interested.

Suddenly she opened a door leading in a direction exactly opposite to the one by which they had reached the main hall, and, before Adrienne was able to join her, she was hurrying along a broad passage, lit by narrow windows, and empty of all furniture.

Henri de Calonne followed, and found her trying to open a door at the other end of the long corridor.

Her eager, startled eyes, white cheeks, and trembling hands alarmed him.

"I will do that," he said, putting his hand on the heavy door-handle.

"Yes, quickly; I must see that room"

"Why, Valentine, you look as if you had seen a ghost. What is it?"

"Open the door; there, I knew it! See, the picture!" A long, wide gallery, hung with pictures, met his glance. She ran past him, and stood with clasped hands before the full length portrait of a woman, so like herself that Valentine might have been the original.

"That is my mother! I remember it; and the room is just the same, nothing altered. Oh, Henri, something is going to happen! I feel it. Where is Adrienne?"

"Here I am!" and Adrienne, entering, looked around the apartment, a smile parting her lips. "Why, Valentine! the picture gallery you used to dream of! and where is the portrait that you loved to be near?"

"Here, Adrienne, quite safe! Oh, if the chanoinesse were here now, surely she would tell me all!"

"We have, by accident, learned one of her secrets," said the duchess, glancing from the picture to Valentine "She has had some powerful motive for guarding it in all these years, Valentine. Your interests are, no doubt, involved; otherwise she would not deprive you of this treasure, your mother's portrait."

"And the changes here!" Valentine's eyes grew bright with hope. "Some one is coming; can it be my father?

"It is more likely, Valentine, that the chanoinesse, having arranged your affairs, has given orders to these people in Toulon to prepare the chateau for your reception. Some important concerns prompted her to visit to Paris. I do hope, for your sake, that I am right in my conjecture. But tell me what drew you to this gallery?"

"I cannot tell you. As a child, I spent hours of each day here. It was my favorite resort. I suppose the portrait was my attraction. You see those newly-furnished rooms suggested nothing to me; they were quite strange; but as soon as we reached the large hall, everything seemed to grow more and more familiar. I seemed to know where each door would lead me if I opened it, and instinctively I went to the one leading to the corridor. It was my old habit returning after all these years.

"And is it possible, Valentine, that you have no recollection of your father?" said Adrienne, her eyes filling with tears"

"None, none whatever! I have tried at times to recall him, his form, his voice; but in vain! I suppose I saw very little of him."

The duchess had been closely examining the different pictures, always returning to the one so loved by Valentine. Her face at length excited the girl's curiosity. She put her hand on the Duchess d'Aubretot's.

"You must have known my mother?" she whispered. The duchess started as if from a reverie.

"Valentine, I may tell you this: your face was familiar to me from the first, and the chanoinesse admitted that I had met your mother. This portrait solves the whole problem. I did know your mother, and this chateau was hers: she was a wealthy heiress, and must have married very young. Ask me no more questions; the chanionesse is no doubt preparing a surprise for you, and, as we have partly anticipated it, it is only fair to leave her something to tell you."

"Still, I am glad you told me this. I loved you, but now that I know you saw my mother, spoke to her, and can one day speak of her to me, I love you more than ever."

The duchess embraced and kissed the excited girl, and then Adrienne hugged her in her impulsive way.

"Only to think, Valentine, after all, you are a great heiress, and I am only a poor convict's child!"

"But your Valentine is just the same, Adrienne. Besides, as yet I have nothing; but if I ever have it in my power, my first thought will be to help your father."

"You are so kind, so good, Valentine. I often wonder that the marquis does not feel at times a little jealous of me—I take up so much of your time and thought."

"Henri must answer for himself," said Valentine: "I loved you before I knew of his existence."

"You are right, Valentine," said the marquis; "the greater your love for Adrienne, the greater mine for you. But you are both growing excited; had we not better leave this gallery, Valentine. Now that we can find our way here, I will bring you whenever you wish to look at the pictures. All this time I have been trying to find one that might represent your father, but from what the duchess has said, it would not be here, this estate having belonged to your mother."

"Let us go home," said the duchess. "We have had excitement enough for one day. We can go back by the road so as to extend the walk." So saying, she led the way to the hall.

The front court and lawn were bright with busy workmen, to several of whom Raoul spoke; but no one had heard anything, beyond the orders for putting the building in a habitable condition.

Valentine and the marquis followed very slowly, stopping often to look back, so that Valentine might recall the appearance of her old home, but she could not remember it.

The Chateau La Grange was, in fact, a building of great antiquity. Its towers, ramparts, and bastions were, however, in good preservation, and while externally it retained all the peculiarities of the age in which it was built, the interior had undergone successive alterations under its wealthy owners, until it possessed some of the most beautiful halls that the arts of each period could devise.

The southern front of the chateau looking toward the Chateau d'Aubretot, was full of large, pleasant apartments, and these had evidently been selected as the most fitting and cheerful to occupy.

The walk home was rather a silent one. Adrienne was absorbed in the mystery that surrounded and troubled Valentine, and the duchess and Raoul could not help discussing it.

They found the duke on the terrace, anxiously awaiting them. He had important news for them. The Duke de Choiseul was on his way to Provence, and would be entertained by the Duke and Duchess d'Aubretot.

To give the Minister of France a fitting reception would require much preparation on the part of the governor, and the duchess was needed for advice and counsel.

Adrienne and Raoul followed the duke and duchess into the large drawing-room, but Valentinee lingered without, under the cool air and shady trees. The discovery of the morning had awakened a tide of recollections, and Henri de Calonne was a willing and tender listener to Valentine's new hopes and old fears.

Meanwhile the duchess discussed amusements and invitations, and O'Rourke was called in to give an opinion as to the size and qualifications of the duke's retinue.

"And Adrienne must look her best, if the Minister of France is to see her for the first time," said the duchess, playfully. "Raoul's lovely diamonds will look charming with a white satin court-dress."

"Must I be presented?" said Adrienne, flushing painfully.

"Yes, indeed, and Valentine also. I shall see about your dresses the first thing to-morrow.

"It seems such a mockery, Raoul. I have no claim to any share in this pageant, and my heart is not in it."

"Still, your absence would cause more remarks than you have any idea of. The Duke de Choiseul is aware that a Mademoiselle d'Aubretot exists; he would inquire for you, and that would lead to explanations. I think that until something definite is discovered, or some arrangement made for your father's release, that these should be avoided. Then, again, the duchess is miserable without you."

"Yes, and for her sake I must forget my own feelings. They take my thoughts far away from all this. But, Raoul, how much longer can I bear this suspense? It is wearing me out. Every morning when I waken I think that before night there will be some news from the chanoinesse; but night comes and nothing more has been heard from Paris. What do you think, Raoul?"

"It is difficult to give an opinion: the chanoinesse is very determined, very persevering, and she has great influence at court. But twelve years, Adrienne, is a long time: and if no direct news has come from this Count de Mornasse, she will no doubt seek out some of the returned exiles, and inquire from them if he has been heard of in England or Germany. It can only be a slow search."

"Oh, Raoul, perhaps we are pleasing ourselves with false hopes. My father's words, my own heart, tells me that this man did not survive——"

"The Count de Mornasse craves an audience," said a servant, entering, and addressing the duke.

"The Count de Mornasse!" shrieked Adrienne, running to the duchess, who took the girl in her arms.

"The Count de Mornasse!" said the duke, completely puzzled.

"The Count de Mornasse!" repeated the duchess.

"The Count de Mornasse!" Raoul echoed, with a reassuring glance at Adrienne, who in vain tried to speak.

The servant looked at the duke.

"He is outside, sir, in the carriage. I told him you were engaged, but he said he had important business with you."

"Oh, let him come in," cried Adrienne. "Do you not hear? It is the Count de Mornasse! the man my father aided—the man who can restore him to freedom! Oh! is not this salvation for him—for me?"

Crying and laughing in turn, Adrienne threw her arms around the duke's neck.

"Calm yourself, my child; I will see this gentleman. Why, Adrienne, in tears again!"

"But these are for joy."

"Well, stay with your mother, and I will bring the subject up as soon as we have his case to his business with me. Can you be patient for a few minutes?,

"Have I not been patient?"

"You have, indeed, my child." The duke was agitated; with an effort, he turned to the servant. "Well, show the gentleman in. First, we must hear him."

In a few minutes the servants flung wide the great doors of the room, and one of them announced:

"The Count de Mornasse."

"As he did so, a man appeared in the doorway, and, with a comprehensive glance around him, entered the room.

A tall, wiry man, dressed in the extreme fashion of the day. Every garment, every detail of his costume, his full skirted, velvet, gold-embroidered coat, his satin waistcoat and breeches, his rolled silk steckings, and high-heeled, diamond-buckled shoes, all were bright with the gloss of newness. The family met his low, graceful bows with equally polite salutations. The duke proffered a chair, which he accepted with another bow.

"The Count de Mornasse!" said the duke.

"At your service, sir. You are the Duke d'Aubretot."

The duke bowed assent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CAIRO MYSTERY.

Disappearance of Several Ladies of the Harem of the Mouffetich.

From the Egyptian Newsletter.

Sinister rumors reach us concerning the disappearance of certain ladies who once belonged to the harem of Ismail Saddick, the celebrated Mouffetich. It will be remembered that when Ismail Pacha caused his confidant and foster brother to be seized, poisoned and thrown into the Nile, the women who belonged to his harem were transferred to Kasr-el-Ali. The luxuries enjoyed in the harem of the Mouffetich had excited great jealousy among the women who lived on the Khedive's bounty, and when finally the rival harem was abolished and its patron murdered, some of the women shared, it is said, the same fate. In many cases they disappeared in a most mysterious manner. The favorites of the Mouffetich have never been seen or heard of since. Ismail Pacha may have imagined that they knew some of the secrets which he sought to obliterate forever by the death of his confidant and Finance Minister. Under such circumstances it is natural that the women who composed the harem of the Mouffetich, and who have survived his downfall, should have still preserved feelings of resentment; and it appears that the other day they were imprudent enough to give expression to these sentiments when they heard that the Khedive Ismail, the author of all their misfortunes and of the death of their companions, had at last been banished from the country. Unfortunately they had not reckoned with Prince Tewfik, and, when he heard these manifestations against his father, further vengeance was wrought against the women who had once belonged to his old enemy, the Mouffetich. Several of these ladies have disappeared. No one knows what Prince Tewfik has done with them. Have they been murdered or simply banished? It is very improbable that this question will ever be answered. The unfortunate women have no foreign consuls to protect them; they are entirely at the mercy of the Khedive, and the present Khedive, it must be remembered, was one of the bitterest enemies of the Mouffetich. Perhaps, while so much is said about reforming Egypt,, of protecting the interests of creditors, bondholders and the fellaheen, politicians might also take to heart the hopeless and forlorn condition of the women belonging to the viceregal and princely harems of Egypt.

Played a Joke.

Rockland Courier.

When a Rockland man went home, the other evening, he saw his dog lying just inside the gate, and thinking to play a joke on the animal, he stole softly near, and with a loud whoop jumped in front of the dog's head. The dog didn't skurry away, yelping with affright. Somehow he wasn't that kind of a dog. He had been raised another way. He merely stood up on his hind end and simply put his teeth into the nearest part of the man that he could reach, and shut his eyes, and sighed gently and hung on. The startled man, with a vivid impression that he had inadvertently sat down on a red-hot paper of very large Government tax, emitted a yell like a foghorn, and dashed through the gate and down the street, with the heroic dog clinging to him like a curse. When the procession passed the corner there seemed to be something waving from it behind, and, as it got under the gaslight, a policeman observed that there was a black and tan train attached to it reaching nearly a block. When the crowd finally caught up, after hard running, they discovered a very much exhausted and profane man, leaning up against a tree and holding on to himself with his hands, while near by was a dog with a quiet smile on his countenance, busily engaged in pulling shreds of broadcloth out of his teeth with his claws.

A BARTENDER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

I'm writing now, my lovely Sue,
Beside a smoking toddy,
To say that I belong to you
In spirit and in body.

I yearn to praise your eyes so fair,
Those orbs as brown as sherry,
And tell you that your rippling hair
Hath hues like "Tom and Jerry."

Your wit pops up like ginger beer,
'Tis varied as a tulip;
And your delicious breath, my dear,
Is sweeter than a julep.

Your seraph voice is like the clink
Of forty silver slithers,
And it is just as sound, I think,
As Angostura bitters.

You know I've sworn to love you long,
But words we will not bandy;
I simply state that love is strong,
Yes, quite as strong as brandy.

Take pity on the fluttering heart
Your eyes have filled with gashes;
I cannot stand sly Cupid's dart
As I stand whiskey smashes.

Life unto me, without thy face,
Hath neither taste nor odor;
'Tis tame, and flat, and commonplace,
Like seltzer or plain soda.

Alas! I dream of you so much,
I think of you so madly,
That I begin to lose my touch,
And mix my cocktails badly!

I make my sangarees so weak
That they would vex a Quaker!
Last night I let a beer egg leak,
And lost my silver "Shaker."

I have forgotten all the laws
I'm always making botches;
I serve my cobblers without straws,
And nutmeg in my "Scotches."

In fact, if by your proud disdain
I'm left without a guider,
I soon will lose my mighty brain,
And serve "stone fence" for cider!

For grim despair each dismal night
Comes down upon me thicker,
And oh, sweet Sue, if you don't write
I'll have to take to liquor!

—*Cupid Jones in N. Y. Sun.*

TALMAGE'S ENGLISH SEASON.

Its Strength and Weakness Set Forth in a Purely Business Critique by His Manager.

From the New York World.

Trippingly on the heels of the Rev. Mr. Talmage comes his manager in England, Major J. B. Pond, of Hathaway & Pond, lecture agents. The Major arrived on the Berlin at 9 P. M. Saturday, all too late for Mr. Talmage's reception at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. At the Fifth Avenue Major Pond asked a reporter at once: "How was Talmage received? Did the press make as much fun of him as ever?"

The reporter answered that Mr. Talmage's fellow-preachers had made all the fun this time, and that it was found necessary to hold Mr. Talmage down in his seat in the Tabernacle in order to allow his colleagues to get off the jokes and conundrums which they had prepared to greet him.

"And Grant?" asked the Major, breathlessly.

"His reception was only second to that of Talmage," answered the reporter.

"Talmage in New York and Grant in San Francisco," murmured the Major thoughtfully, and he fell into a reverie, which was broken by the reporter's demand for a real business account of Mr. Talmage's tour throughout Great Britain.

"Well, there isn't much to tell," answered the Major. "I didn't go over on the vessel with him, but I understand they asked him to preach, but he declined because he wanted rest."

"What did he do when he reached London?"

"He rested for a week."

"Wasn't that a great loss of time?"

"Well, you see, when I found Mr. Talmage was going to have a vacation I went over to see him and offered to hire him for a trip through Great Britain. I didn't know then that he had made up his mind to go, and he demurred at first; but I offered him liberal terms and he consented to go. I was to pay him so much and he wasn't to interfere with the business. My intention was to run him myself."

"In what way?"

"I intended to hire halls and advertise him, and so I made no prior engagements. But when I got on the other side—I preceded him about four days—I found the people crazy about him. So I sold him outright at £100 a night. I didn't spend a penny in advertising. I just announced through the religious papers in London that Talmage was coming, and I had lots of applications for him to lecture at different places. Then I had to make out a route and I printed that as a circular and sent it around. Why, sir, you couldn't imagine what the people over there thought of Talmage. He has made the fortune of three religious papers in London. About nine years ago the *Christian Age* began to publish his sermons and they got a circulation of 100,000. Then came the *Christian Herald* and *Signs of the Times*, the *Christian Globe* and the *Christian World*. The *World* went back on him after this trial, but it didn't hurt him any. The secular press didn't notice him at all. It doesn't notice much of anything but Church of England matters."

"When was Mr. Talmage's first appearance?"

"He preached in the Islington Presbyterian Church, North London, June 15. He and Mrs. Talmage, my wife and myself drove to the church in one carriage. The streets were so blocked with people that the horses were stopped. You may have seen something like that in the newspapers. They were all the lower strata of people who had been reading his sermons for years—people who are awfully superstitious and want things hot. It was a regular—regular—"

"What is called in America a mob," suggested the reporter.

"Yes," said Maj. Pond, "it was an English mob. They lifted the carriage bodily and tore the doors off their hinges."

"They didn't want to mob him?" asked the reporter with alarm.

"No; they wanted to shake hands with him, and they just walked over him. By thunder, sir, how those people went for him."

"How did Mr. Talmage like that?"

"Oh, he only smiled. But finally he got to the church and preached his sermon. The next day there wasn't a line about it in the daily papers."

"Did Mr. Talmage lose any of his playfulness in Great Britain?"

"Well, he didn't sing his arms and legs around so much. He'd get up and put his hands behind his back and walk two or three paces back and forth and gesticulate very little. But he had that same winning smile that can not be imitated."

"Perhaps he didn't have room enough in the old country halls."

"Oh, yes; the platforms were large enough, but he seemed to be toned down somehow. I don't know why."

"Was he a success from the start?"

"Well, no. You see, the people had been used to his sermons and they wanted plenty of preaching. But he went over there with three old lectures, 'The Bright Side of things,' 'Big Blunders,' and 'Our New House.' I saw right away what the matter was, and I wanted him to preach all the time. But he wouldn't do it. He said he had come over to amuse the people, and he was going to amuse them. I argued with him, but it was no use. I never saw a man so dead to his own interest. The only thing I could do was to insist on his preaching on Sundays."

"What was he paid for preaching?"

"Oh, we didn't charge anything for that. It paid of itself. It kept the people excited. Why, sir, the people looked on his coming with awe—real awe. I never saw a man so venerated on his first appearance, and by thunder, sir, he did splendidly. I made money out of him."

"What was the general feeling of the audience as to his lectures?"

"It was one of disappointment. They wanted preaching hot and hot. But for all that he made them laugh with his funny stories. Now, he preached in Leeds, Sunday, July 20, and the house was crammed, and people were squeezing each other to death outside. While he was preaching inside I stood outside keeping the crowd quiet and promising that Talmage would preach to them after he got through inside. Well, he managed to get to a carriage, and he got on top of that and preached to at least 20,000 umbrellas. I never saw anything like it. Then a big Yorkshire man got hold of his hand and shook it until it began to swell. I cried out, 'Why don't you let the man's hand go?' and the Yorkshireman said, 'I want to get his finger; I want to tear it off.' I said, 'What for?' and he said, 'For a trophy.' You don't understand us here.'"

"What did Mr. Talmage do all this time?"

"Oh, he only smiled. Then we went to Scotland, and here the people were disappointed by his secular lectures. But he was a great favorite there as a preacher. Let me see. There's something in the Glasgow religious papers about him that I've got in my scrap book," and the Major took his book out of one of his trunks. As he was hastily turning the leaves, the reporter caught *sight* of what seemed to be a cartoon. He asked permission to look at it, and found it to be a caricature of Mr. Talmage in the Glasgow *Bottle* of June 25, with the following verse underneath:

AMEN.

This for a lecture's very smart,
But fools with money easy part,
And give would readily to a Yankee,
While to a Scot they'd scarce say thankee.

"Did Mr. Talmage receive many letters congratulating him, abusing him and asking him for money?) asked the reporter.

"I've 4,000 letters in one of my trunks," answered Maj. Pond. "A good many of them were applications for him to preach and a good many told him the people wanted religion, not funny stories, and that they were disappointed in him."

"Did he smile when he saw those letters?"

"He never saw them. But it wouldn't have made any difference to him. As I said before, I never saw a man so dead to his own interest. They wanted him to preach and he wouldn't preach. And yet he drew! Why, sir, just imagine our taking in $40,000 in that trip at an average of a shilling a head. Rich people wouldn't go to hear him and poor people wouldn't go twice. Oh, if that man had only listened to me and put some religion in his sermons he could go over there any time and pick up a fortune. But he can never travel through that country again. Still, I've nothing against him. He's a splendid fellow to travel with."

"Were the lectures always successful financially, so far as the Committees were concerned?"

"Oh, no, I always got my £100, and sometimes the receipts did not come up to that. Then the committees were mad and abused Talmage. But he had nothing to do with it. It was all between me and the committees."

"Was there any regular program for these lecturing nights?"

"Yes. The people would gather at six o'clock and sing Moody and Sankey hymns. Then when Talmage arrived they would open with prayer, and that's where the trouble came in. It was—well, it was a little disappointing for a man to get off a comic lecture—after that."

"Was Mr. Talmage popular with all classes of society?"

"Well, he wasn't known outside the religious element. He didn't go much into society; in fact he hadn't time for that sort of thing. He was well received in many first-class houses, but he preferred to live at hotels."

"That must have been a great expense to him?"

"Oh, I paid all the expenses and gave him his check every night. Why, Talmage must have sent home $20,000. He lives very quietly and is by no means extravagant. If he was only like Beecher now, Beecher is a deep thinker. He picks up his lecture as he goes along the road. But Talmage always says the same thing in the same way, with the same gestures. Still I wouldn't have found any fault with him if he'd only put some preaching in his lectures."

"Did Mr. Talmage have a reception when he left Europe?"

"No; he delivered his last lecture in Dublin, Friday, Sept. 19, took the train the next morning for Queenstown, and sailed for New York on Sunday. He had to sail on Sunday, you know, so as to preach here to-day."

According to the London *Truth*, Dr. Talmage lately lectured in a large town in Lancashire. His fee, as usual, was £100, the receipts £60. The lecture had been got up by the workingmen in aid of a chapel fund, and at the close the minister of the aforesaid chapel strongly appealed to Dr. Talmage to consider the unfortunate position of the promoters, who were responsible for the deficit—a very serious amount to them. The pious man promptly replied that he "had lectured according to agreement, and as to their local finances he had nothing to do with them." At a town in the West Riding the same thing happened, and at a Yorkshire watering place, where Dr. Talmage so far forgot himself as to lecture without being paid in advance, his appearance was such a failure that the local Christian Association have declared their inability to pay £100, and the reverend lecturer is reported to have issued a writ against the society.

NAKOTIN THE NIHILIST.

Transportation of Vera Sassulitch's Champion.

The Russian State Court of Justice at Kieff has just convicted a young man, calling himself Nakotin, to life long transportation to Siberia, for high treason. This young man had, up to his conviction, led a most varied life. A few years ago he was at Berlin, pretending to be studying medicine

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, OCT. 16, 1879

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage pre-paid):

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Please remember that we CANNOT ALLOW COMMISSIONS on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

SHOULD any party live whose teachings lead to CHISHOLM massacres?

IN the West, Indians are plenty, and Indian summer about here, too.

BOSTON *Post:* The foliage is getting mad; that is to say, it's on its ears.

WHY did SEN. LAMAR'S denunciation of Yazooism fail to go off? Nobody knew it was loaded.

How do the Greenbackers account for the steady advance in all kinds of prices which has followed resumption?

HENRY WARD BEECHER wants to be buried, when he dies, at Indianapolis. Queer taste in the selection of a cemetery. Indianapolis is too often visited by VOORHEES to make its location agreeable.

THE Californians feel very grateful over Grant's arrival for a peculiar reason, but it forces a let-up on the Kalloch-Kearney-De Young embroglio. People have now something else to talk about.

THE Special Agent of the Postoffice Department sent to Blackville, S. C. to investigate the shooting of the postmaster, has made a report fully sustaining the accounts heretofore published in the BLADE.

THE Evangelist MOODY is getting in some good work in Cleveland, but he is embarrassed by the Democratic politicians, who want to bridle his meetings as they do soldiers' reunions, and who insist that every time he says "Vile sinners, richly deserving of hell fire," he cannot mean anybody but Democrats.

N. Y. Telegram: A young lad, who took his dog to the photographers, complained that he could not keep both ends of his dog in repose at the same time. If his mouth was closed his tail kept wagging. This is the trouble that Gen. Butler experiences with his drum majors. The Democratic tail and the Republican mouth piece are not in sympathy.

DANIEL W. VOORHEES is nothing if not a Copperhead. He is the living embodiment of all that was detestable in the Northern opposition to the war. His active and venomous career of covert treason is unrelieved by one generous deed, one brave, manly act, one sacrifice for others. A cold blooded, selfish schemer, he is as heartless as he is traitorous and unprincipled.

REV. C. T. BAILEY says rather sharply in the *Biblical Recorder:* "A President of a North Carolina college writes a pitiful letter to the *Christian Union* of Sept. 5, asking for aid. He says he has a sickly wife and 14 scrofulous children.' We were as much surprised at him as we are at the number and character of his children. Help him, brethren, but with the understanding that he is not to enlarge his family."

AND now comes some ingenious Democrat and suggests that the ticket which will make the most powerful appeal to the Democratic heart will be headed by the name of SAMUEL J. TILDEN and footed by that of Dr. LUKE P. BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, as Vice President. This will meet the demands of the New York politicians, who are so unanimous to secure the nomination of TILDEN, and placate the solid South, who have nothing to say in condemnation of that gentleman's mode of warfare.

THE more Gov. BLACKBURN'S friends try to explain away the yellow fever story, the worse muddle they get into. According to some he is not *the* Dr. BLACKBURN at all; others again say that it was the result of a mere anecdotal rivalry between himself and a friend, trying, in fact, to see which could outdo the other in concocting horrible plans against the North. It would, perhaps, be as well to let the matter rest, unless better evidence of Gov. BLACKBURN'S innocence can be brought forward. The whole thing bears a bad look.

MEXICO has a mining excitement which rivals the Leadville (Col.) craze. The bonanza is at Parras, 720 miles west of Matamoras, and so close to the boundary line between Durango, Coahuila and Chihuahua that all these States are contending for the prize. The General Government has taken possession of it until it can be decided by actual survey in which State it is. The mines are called Mojado, and yield both gold and silver in such profusion that laborers are deserting the crops to dig for them, and the fever has extended as far as Matamoras.

HOW MR. HENDRICKS FALSIFIED.

The Indiana "Vice President," came all the way to Ohio for two principal objects. The first was to tell us that we have "no business" with the "domestic affairs" of other States, and especially with elections there; and the second object of his visit, was to tell us how *our* election should be conducted and whom we should elect to office. "Mind your business, and let the Southern people vote as they please, without your impertinent interference," was his stern command, on the one hand; and "Do," "Please," "Won't you?" were among the touching entreaties with which he sought to influence the election in Onio. From which it appears, that the "State Rights," of which he talked so glibly, all belong with the shot gun and the tissue ballot, and have no place in Ohio—at least, that this State has "no rights" which an Indiana Democrat "is bound to respect."

Among the reasons assigned by this "Vice President of the United States," as TILDEN'S "copper" appendage delights to be called, was his statement, that from 1865 to 1874—nine years—"no reduction was made in the ordinary expenditures of the Government;" and that during the succeeding four years the Democrats in the House effected annual reductions, making a total reduction of $100,000,000. The best answer to these bold assertions, is given by the following table, showing, for each of the past 23 years, the annual amount paid as interest, and the net ordinary expenditures of the Government, to wit:

Year:	Interest on public debt.	Net ordinary expenditures.
1856	$1,953,822	$59,571,025
1857	1,678,255	67,795,707
1858	2,067,035	74,185,270
1859	2,638,468	69,070,976
1860	3,177,414	63,139,598
1861	4,000,163	66,545,644
1862	13,190,224	274,691,815
1863	24,729,846	714,740,725
1864	53,684,421	895,322,641
1865	77,357,712	1,298,555,641
1866	133,067,541	520,809,486
1867	143,781,591	357,542,675
1868	140,424,045	377,340,254
1869	130,694,242	322,865,257
1870	129,235,878	309,653,560
1871	125,576,565	292,177,188
1872	117,357,839	277,517,962
1873	104,750,689	290,345,245
1874	107,119,815	287,455,573
1875	103,068,544	274,623,392
1876	100,243,271	258,459,797
1877	100,342,377	238,690,088
1878	102,500,874	226,994,326

From this, it will be seen, that Mr. HENDRICKS was equally at fault, in stating that "no reduction in expenditures" was made between '65 and '74, and in saying that a reduction of $100,000,000 was made in the next four years. The amount of expenditures in 1865 was $1,298,555,-641, and in 1874, $287,133,873, showing a reduction of $1,011,421,728. But as the year 1865 closed the war, and heavy payments were made to the Army and Navy for back pay, we will commence with 1866, when we find the amount to have been $520,809,486, and showing a reduction in 1874, compared therewith, of $243,675,613, or nearly 50 per cent. Instead of nothing, as asserted by this pseudo "Federal officer." On the other hand, we find that the expenditures for 1878, were $226,994,326, making the reduction $60,169,547, instead of $100,000,-000, as stated by Mr. HENDRICKS. The average annual reduction by a Republican Congress for the nine years ending with 1874, was $26,000,000; whereas, the like average for the next four years, with a Democratic House, was $15,000,000; showing that the annual reduction under Republican rule, when Mr. H. said there was no reduction, was $11,000,000, or 73 per cent. more than since the Democrats obtained power in the House, when was effected, as he claimed, the only reduction made since the war closed. These figures fairly indicate the means by which this State Rights champion would control the local elections of Ohio.

SUFFERING THE CONSEQUENCES

One of the best things in the interest of law and order in this country is the decision in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania that Alleghany County shall pay for all the property destroyed in Pittsburg at the time of the riots in the Summer of 1877. It may be said that it is hard for the innocent to suffer with the guilty, that the sum of millions must be paid by those who had no hand in the affair, while those who were the real offenders having no property to be taxed, entirely escape punishment. This may be true, but it is no less true that it is the duty of every individual in a community to assist in carrying out the laws made to protect life and property, and in so far as he does not do this he is responsible for their destruction. The citizens of Pittsburg will have to pay the penalty of their own remissness in not rising up in force and putting down the mob, for an unorganized mass of men collected together as that was is easily overawed by a disciplined force far fewer in numbers. Almost nothing was done for this purpose, and the reckless, lawless crowd, excited by those who knew how to appeal to their passions went on with their work of pulling down and burning the property the people of the County are now called upon to pay for.

That it is not a harsh judgment that holds the citizens responsible for the past, can be seen by the record of other cities where the same elements were at work, and unchecked would have produced like results. Toledo, for instance, but for the prompt uprising of her law abiding people would have seen similar lawless expressions of mob passion. True, there did not seem to be any very powerful force at work, but unawed, it would have gathered strength until it would have been hard to tell where it would stop.

San Francisco is another notable instance of the ease with which a mob is controlled. It had a much larger and more dangerous element of evil than any other City of the Union, unless perhaps, New York is excepted, and even that place lacked the snake moving power to violence Hatred towards the Chinese, a hatred so intense that it can only be realized by being witnessed, is manifested, animated the idle and evil disposed in '77, and the feeling extended to many of the better class of workingmen, rendering them disposed, even if they did not join in deeds of violence, not to lift a hand to prevent the "hoodlums" from proceeding to extremities. The latter gathered themselves together by the thousands. They organized in a rude sort of way, and declared their intention of burning the City in order to drive out the Chinese. Fires were started in different places, and when the firemen would attempt to extinguish the flames they were attacked with showers of bricks and stones that were terrible. Yet the determination upon the part of the law abiding people that this should be put down and the Chinese protected, was sufficient to prevent any great destruction of property like that in Pittsburg, and in a short time to reduce the lawless element to subjection. The following instance will show how true it is that a mob can be easily controlled: While a lumber yard was burning, a crowd of 3,000 persons assembled upon a hill near by, whence sticks and stones *ad libitum* were hurled upon the firemen below. The police in attendance were withheld from firing upon the mob because of the presence of women and children, until, gaining courage from non-resistance, it became a pack of howling demons. A list the order was given to charge bayonets up the hill, an order that was obeyed by not more than a dozen men, but the effect was to send that collection of 3,000 people flying in every direction, and the thoroughly organized vigilance committee, made up of the leading business men of the City, soon put an end to all disturbances in San Francisco.

Hard as it may seem, Pennsylvania has done well in deciding that Alleghany County shall be held responsible for the acts of her people in 1877. It is a warning that will not be likely to be soon forgotten there or elsewhere. A duty neglected or ignored must bring its penalty sooner or later, and Pittsburg and her people now find it to be so.

THE NATIONAL BANKS AND "THE DEMANDS OF TRADE."

The one paramount objection made to the policy of specie resumption by the Democratic and National Greenback agitators, was, that it would involve so great a contraction of the volume of currency as to be utterly ruinous to the country. They "knew"—that is what they said—that resumption never could come without such disaster. They further told us that what was needed, was a system of currency which would adjust itself to "the wants of trade"—furnishing more when trade demanded it, and less when not needed. Such an adjustable currency was what the Greenback folks used to ask for. The reply of the Republicans was, that we had just such a system already, in the National Banks—that they were unlimited both in number and amount of issue, and thus perfectly free to supply every dollar of currency that could be properly used, while it was always to their advantage to issue the largest practical amount. During the years of hard times following the panic of '73, the process of contraction of bank notes did take place, more or less, and this did not stop upon the adoption of Free Banking in 1875, but was rather stimulated by the facilities for regulating the volume of notes supplied by the Resumption law. But all theory and experience previous to resumption were treated as of no account, because, as held by the Greenbackers, on resumption, a new state of things would be introduced wholly different from that then existing.

Well, the new order of things was inaugurated on the first of January last. Resumption has been in full operation for nine months—long enough to test, in some measure, the theories connected therewith. Of course any changes must in the nature of the case, if healthful, be based on experience and known facts, and hence gradual. Sudden and great changes are to be avoided, rather than sought, because such could not be due to a sound financial condition. We need not here stop to give in detail the many sure indications of returned and returning prosperity. These are seen on every hand and felt in every branch of the country. It is safe to say that at no period in the history of the country was there ever a time of more general business activity, pervaded by a sense of confidence and security. The markets are all open and active, with abundant supplies and good demand; labor is in active request, at rates which, when compared with the cost of living, are much better than either before or during the era of inflation and speculation; while the currency, which measures the value of labor, as everything else, is fixed, stable and known. What other conditions of prosperity could be required?

But there is one fact, which, as an element in this case, should not be overlooked. For several months past, there has been a constant *increase* in the volume of National Bank paper, against the *decrease* formerly existing. During the month of September this increase was $3,000,000, being as much as for the three months preceding. This single fact furnishes ample proof of the admirable adaptation of the present banking system to "the demands of trade." As shown thereby, it contracts and expands its volumes of currency, according to such demands, as readily and fully as do the manufacturing, agricultural, mercantile and other departments of trade. And why not? It is admitted on all hands, that no class of men are more sagacious, or more closely watch the courses of business, than the bankers, while our Greenback friends represent them as above all others in their eagerness to seize opportunities for making money. Besides this, it is alleged that the main source of their profits lies in this circulation of their notes. Then, where could the currency supply be lodged, with equal certainty of being kept fully up to "the demands of trade" as with this sagacious and watchful class? Would it be with members of Congress—most of them without business knowledge or interest, and chiefly intent on office and power? In his speech in the Senate, in March, 1874, Mr. THURMAN justly stated this case, when he said:

"Are we prepared to declare that under a Government which our fathers meant, if they meant anything, should be a *Hard Money Government*, but which has drifted a long way from their intention, do to-day, against all the *lights of experience the world over*, mean to *banish gold and silver* from circulation in the country for all time to come, and do the business of the country upon *nothing but irredeemable paper*, depending for its volume upon *the will and caprice of the moment* or upon *the views of members of Congress seeking re-election or aspiring to a higher place?* I THINK NOT."

The echo of every reflecting mind to this, must be, "I think not." The question, then, is, whether the great increase of currency supply shall be left to "the demands of trade," where, and where only, it properly belongs; or be placed in the hands of the politicians, and be subjected to "the caprice of the moment," or the ambitious designs of "members of Congress seeking re-election or aspiring to a higher place." Who, for instance, is prepared to see the question of money supply, with all its far reaching influences of contraction or expansion, made to hinge on appropriation bills, at the heel of a session of Congress, after the style of legislation made so odious within the past year? What business man, property owner or laborer wishes his interests thus made the football of reckless political intriguers? Is there a Democrat or a National who is ready for such a state of things? And yet, that is exactly the "Ohio idea" in finance, advocated alike by EWING and CARY, the twin champions of fiat. Will it be approved by the people of Ohio? We think not.

SPELLING REFORM.

Every reform is met in its first steps by opposition and that often of the most determined kind. That this is the case with that attempted with the orthography of our language all know, but it has now got past the point where it can be frowned upon and ended. The best educated people of the day are taking hold of it with enthusiasm and several important steps have been taken forward. That the spelling of English is villainous, without sense or reason, few will deny, even though they, with the horror many have of a change in old things, deprecate this as almost a sacrilege.

It is interesting to know how these evils crept into the orthography, and why they have been retained there. Mr. T. R. LOUNSBURY in the September and October numbers of *Scribner* has given some very interesting thoughts upon the subject. He refers the abuses to several sources. One was the union of the Norman French and Anglo Saxon languages, which give different sounds to the same letters, and different combinations to represent the same sound. The uncertainty that then arose was intensified by the invention of printing. Uniformity of spelling then became an absolute necessity, and every effort of printing offices was turned in that direction. Of course the fixing of the orthography was thus taken out of the hands of linguists and went into those whose choice was the result of "accident or dictated by the blindest caprice." It became then a mechanical uniformity and not a scientific one, being entirely the work of printers and not of scholars. Authority was given to this spelling by JOHNSON'S Dictionary, which came out the middle of the 18th century, and was entirely without consistency or reason in its forms. Errors for which no earthly excuse except carelessness and ignorance can be given were thus petrified and retained to the present day. Scores of illustrations could be given that prove the assertion that no rule governed the selection of the mode of spelling a word. JOHNSON himself ridiculed the idea of endeavoring to accommodate the spelling to the pronunciation.

In answering the arguments of the opponents to spelling reform, Mr. LOUNSBURY shows conclusively that much of the opposition is based upon sentiment. Leaving this class, whose strength is largely due to the inertia produced by ignorance, he goes on to refute the reasoning of those who plant themselves upon etymology, since this has the strongest hold upon the educated class. He says that letters which are never heard of in spoken speech and cannot be spoken by any conceivable position of the vocal organs are not to be dropped because they remind us of the forms of languages whence they came. This in the case of words derived from the Latin is, to some extent, true, but not with the Anglo-Saxon or Norman French. If depended upon in either case it would lead to the wildest inconsistencies. Letters are dropped in some cases and retained in others without the slightest regard to etymology. That this is so is proved by several words cited, as for instance, the k in "knave" is retained while the old h which introduced "lot" is dropped out of existence. Again, the meaning is often changed so that a knowledge of derivation gives no accuracy. "Avocation" is now used for its precise opposite, "vocation," and perversion as it is, it is yet firmly established, as are many others.

After the same fashion, Mr. LOUNSBURY shows the fallacy of history. According to the reasoning of those who oppose a change in spelling on account of thus losing the history of words, many of them which are pronounced in one way should be written in another, in order that letters silent to the ear should appeal to the eye. Thus, "ant" should become upon paper "emmet," if its history is to be thus preserved.

In fact, most of the objections to the alteration in orthography are the offspring of prejudice, as may be readily seen upon a careful and scholarly examination. At the same time, they appear so strong and convincing as to carry with them a large class of intelligent though not scientific persons, and it is their opposition which is the hardest to overcome. Mr. LOUNSBURY closes his second article with the hope "that the language we speak will not be forever disgraced by an orthography, to the vicious variations of which, when we set out to learn it, we can see no end, and in which, after having learned it, we can find no sense."

THE BELGIAN SCHOOLS.

The present contest between the educational interests of Belgium and the priests is a lively one. It will be remembered that there is a new law lately gone into operation by which the control of the schools is taken entirely away from the Church. No special religious influence is allowed to be exerted in the selection of the teachers or in the conduct of the daily exercises, and any religious teachings may be given by one denomination as well as another.

This law has, as may be imagined, aroused the utmost indignation among the clergy of the Catholic Church, and the Bishops have determined to render it a nullity as far as possible. So far they have met with little success. They first threatened to excommunicate any of the teachers who should continue in their positions under the new provisions. Out of several thousand only about 100 obeyed the order to resign their places; the rest pursued the even tenor of their way with the most sublime indifference to results.

Convinced that their efforts in this direction were futile, the Bishops have resorted to another measure. The clergy are now commanded to deny absolution to all who permit their children to attend the public schools conducted under such regulations. Whether the people will yield to any such demand remains to be seen. It depends upon the amount of ignorant superstition which is to be worked upon. If they should show a determination to persist in sending their youth to be educated as in the past, the struggle upon the part of the church might as well be given up first as last.

The result is one to be watched with great interest for it will show the advance which Belgium is making in liberty of thought. Freedom of opinion is absolutely impossible where children are educated in schools under denominational control, especially if they have the sanction of the government. That Belgium has perceived this and is acting upon it is another proof that the world progresses.

RECENT LITERATURE.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The October *Scribner* opens with an important paper on "Ups and Downs in Leadville," by Ernest Ingersoll, with numerous illustrations by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote and J. Harrison Mills. Text and pictures occupy 23 pages, and together make a varied and complete account of this interesting region, including the discovery of the mines, the early rush, the recent growth; prospecting and "surveying in"; a trip in a mine; the geological formation; the practical working of the ores; Leadville society, good and bad, etc., etc. Much reliable information may be obtained from this paper.

Another seasonable paper deals with "Field Sports in Minnesota," and is written by Charles A. Zimmerman, a noted sportsman of St. Paul. The peculiarities of crane, duck, and goose shooting on the lake passes of that State, over decoys and from stubble, are told in a lively narrative style adapted to the non-sporting reader, and supplemented by many picturesque drawings.

An exquisitely soft and beautiful engraving, by Mr. Cole, of Fortuny's "Piping Shepherd," accompanies a poem by Charles de Kay, suggested by the original painting.

Under the title of "Edison's System of Fast Telegraphy," Edwin M. Fox describes the automatic telegraph which was in operation for a year between New York and Washington, and of which no full popular account has before been published. By this system, it will be remembered, it was found possible to transmit over a single wire several thousand words per minute, at a cost but little greater than that before paid for a single short message. The operation of the line was stopped by litigation, and may shortly be resumed. A notable feature of this paper is a new portrait of Edison, by Francis Lathrop, which is pronounced by the inventor's assistants to be the best yet published.

The subject of the fifth paper in the Brazil series, by Herbert H. Smith, is "Rio de Janiero," the illustrations representing scenery of the city and vicinity, and the text considering chiefly the obstacles to American trade and manufactures, with much of general interest.

Miss Kate Field's sketch of W. S. Gilbert, in the September number, is succeeded in this by a similar account of Arthur Sullivan, interspersed with anecdotes of the boy and the man. A portrait accompanies this paper.

A stanza by Philip O. Sullivan, entitled "The New Year," is the subject of a drawing by Miss Maria R. Oakey, which is richly engraved by Henry Marsh.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The October number of *St. Nicholas* closes the sixth volume of the magazine with an array of features hard to match in interest for the little folks.

Louisa M. Alcott contributes the opening story entitled "Jimmy's Cruise in the 'Pinafore,'" a charming narrative illustrated with fine portraits of characters in the "Children's Pinafore," which will delight every boy and girl who has heard the famous operetta.

The Elevated Railroads of New York are described in a long article by Charles Barnard, and with it are given eight admirable pictures of various views along the lines of the three New York roads. The text and illustrations show how the roads were constructed, and together furnish a capital and entertaining account of those wonderful "Railroads in the Air."

"Noah's Ark Ashore," is the title of another descriptive article which will be eagerly read by every boy and girl. It is a well-told narrative of a visit to a queer "Ark" on the Amazon river which a kind hearted native had turned into a sort of asylum for beasts and birds of various kinds. The story of this novel institution is very interesting indeed, and the illustrations are really superb. No finer pictures of animals have been printed of late years than the eight beautiful drawings which accompany this article.

Of stories there is a capital budget, beginning with the two serials "Eyebright," and "A Jolly Fellowship," which are both concluded in this number with "climax" instalments. Then there is a lively fishing story—"Mr. Carothers' Secret," written by the author of "Dab Kinzer," a pleasant fanciful tale by Moncure D. Conway, and there are several funny pictures and verses scattered through the number, while the departments at the end will look at least as inviting as ever to the young eyes that read them so carefully every month.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The issue for October is an excellent number, though it has few articles by eminent contributors. It proves the inaccuracy of the criticism sometimes made on this magazine, that no one who is so unfortunate as not to be a Boston man, or otherwise distinguished, can be admitted to its exclusive papers. One of the most interesting articles in this number is by the author of "Certain Dangerous Tendencies," on "Sincere Demagogy," and is exceedingly well worth reading. Lovers of music will find a very attractive article by W. F. Apthorp on "Giacomo Meyerbeer." A solid article for business men pronounces "Foreign Trade no Cure for Hard Times." Sidney Hyde gives an interesting description of "Life at a Little Court." Principal Shairp, of Edinburg, contributes an engaging essay on "Burns and Scotch Song before Him." Willard Brown describes the aim and extent of the movement for "Socialism in Germany." Richard Grant White adds another chapter to his capital English sketches, entitled "A Day at Windsor." Art lovers will read with much interest a paper on "The Venus of Milo," describing the discovery of this wonderful work of art, and explaining the reason of the peculiar esteem in which it is held. "Irene the Missionary" approaches completion. "The House of McVicker," by M. L. Thompson, is one of the *Atlantic's* excellent short stories. Poems by T. B. Aldrich, William Winter, T. S. Collier, Katharine Lee Bates, and Celeste M. A. Winslow; a fine variety of readable paragraphs in the Contributor's Club; and Notices of New Books complete the list of good things the October *Atlantic* offers.

Kind of Wine.

San Francisco Chronicle.

A customs officer engaged in discharging the "City of Tokio" rejoices in the acquisition of Grant's autograph on a wine card presented to him by one of the officers of the steamer. This card he proposes to treasure up and hand down as an heirloom to his posterity. It reads as follows, and definitely settles the question what kind of wine Gen. Grant drinks:

Steamship "City of Tokio."
WINE CARD.
Person—Grant.
State room—One.
Kind of wine—Congress water.

Willing to Wait.

Cincinnati Commercial.

We think the silver men generally would be willing to see the coinage of the dads suspended for one month, in order to turn out 2,000,000 $5 gold pieces. If not, why not?

HIS LAST BALLOON VOYAGE.

Donaldson's Fate Chronicled by Himself.

Did Æronaut Wise and His Companion Burr Meet With the Same Tragic End Which Befel Donaldson and Grimwood?

New York Star.

The uncertainty of the fate of Prof. Wise and his companion, Burr, who ascended in the balloon Pathfinder, from Lindell Park, St. Louis, last Sunday, and have not yet been heard from, recalls the story of Donaldson's tragic death, as compiled by the missing æronaut from papers picked up in Lake Michigan, which the two voyagers had thrown overboard previous to their death. Prof. Wise dedicated his narrative as follows:

"To all reckless aeronauts, who run their cloud scraping coaches with a disregard of consequences, or who, in other words, essay to fly without making due calculations and preparations to alight, this little narrative is dedicated."

Wise then copied, verbatim, Donaldson's memorandum of the trip as follows:

"I had often been excited in my feats of rope-walking, but never before did I feel my heart sinking into such despondency as I did when the aerial ship loomed up and over the lake. It was a dreary sight over the desert of water.

"By a kind of instinctive arithmetic I could still figure out another hour's sail and a reach of dry land. Grimwood hailed me from the car below while I was sitting in my perch in the lookout above, busily engaged writing on my experience that I had more than an hour ago resolved to transmit to the waves below, so that I might leave a memoir of my last voyage in the event of a fatal termination.

"Grimwood now inquired of me: 'How far are we from the Michigan shore?' And he added: 'Our ballast is nearly spun out.' 'God only knows,' was my reply.

"Balloon sailing has in it the peculiarity of keeping one entirely unconscious of the speed the balloon is making, or the direction in which it is moving, when you are among the clouds, and the clouds are sailing with you, and at the same time nothing but a monotonous waste of water is underneath. It is singular that so limited a sheet of water as Lake Michigan should present to view so few vessels to the eye of the æronaut.

"Well, it is about 350 miles long, and this gives us an area of 35,000 square miles. Now, if 1,000 sailing vessels were spread over the Lake at any one time, it would present, on an average, only one vessel for every 35 square miles, or in other words, one vessel on every plot of six miles.

"Prof. Wise told me that in his sail down the middle of Lake Erie from one end to the other he did not see half a dozen vessel, and in crossing 90 miles of Lake Ontario only one vessel was intercepted. I fully realized this fact in my own experience over the Lakes, and the sparseness of sea craft visible below gave the situation an intensified dreary aspect.

"I now turned my face to Grimwood, and requested him to look out for some lake craft, since we could not expect to remain afloat much longer, as the ballast was so nearly exhausted.

"'Won't the balloon hold out all night?' said my companion. 'You frequently let your balloon stand out all night and reascend with it the next morning,' hopefully ejaculated my cheerful partner. 'Yes,' was the response—'that is, when the balloon is new and in perfect order; but remember this is a leaky old tub.' 'You don't pretend to intimate that we are going to be soused into the lake for want of the balloon holding out to reach the land?' 'Why, certainly,' I said; 'if we don't discover land very shortly, we shall be compelled to take to the water and trust to Providence.' 'Donaldson, ain't you joking!' said Grimwood. 'No,' was my reply.

"I now resolved at all hazards, to state the situation fairly to Grimwood, as certain destruction seemed to be staring me in the face, and tell him to prepare for a doom that had foreshadowed itself to my mind all day long. I had been sailing under false colors long enough. It only made my anguish of mind greater as I pretended to assume composure, and thought that I had taken along with me a gentleman of culture and talents to be lost to the world, and for the simple benefit of a show spectacle that had so little real merit in it as to be compelled to hang its financial success on the miserable attraction of acrobatic ballooning, and thus through me, to commit a moral homicide. My heart was throbbing with emotion as I contemplated the whole situation. Perhaps Grimwood will grow desperate if I let out the whole truth. He may become revengeful, and grapple with me for the decision as to who is to take the last chance for life; for what will a man not do to save his own life? One or the other of us must in a very short time leave the balloon, or both of us perish together in the angry waves.

"I had now fully resolved to be a man in every sense of the word, and give Grimwood the little remaining time for a last autobiographical sketch in the event of his going overboard, mine being to the present extent ready for doubtful transmission in the like contingency.

"'Grimwood, are you prepared to hear the worst of our situation?'

"'I am always ready for an item. Donaldson, good or bad, high or low, up or down; pitch in, Donaldson, and give us the news.'

"This good-tempered response rallied my drooping spirits again, and I began to hope against hope. I strained my eyes to the east and the west, and the north and the south, in the hope of espying something that should promise a rock of safety for two wandering spirits of the air. Really, I began to feel more like a dreaming spirit than a living man. Grimwood was all this time writing down rapidly our words and the scenes around us, seemingly reliant on a safe ending to the perilous voyage.

"'Ships seem to be as scarce as land, Donaldson,' he muttered, 'but we have life preservers, and if it must come to that, we will battle for life in the waves.'

"I now proposed to him, inasmuch as our time was well nigh spent, that we draw lots for the chance of one of us remaining with the balloon, while the other should take to the water with a life preserver, so that we should be prepared for the emergency when our ballast should come entirely to an end.

"'I am agreed,' was the ready reply of Grimwood; 'prepare the drafts,' and as I was never lucky enough to draw a prize in a lottery, I am sure to draw one in this, either of wind or water. Besides,' said he, 'the prize may be a ship, so let us hold up to the last grain of sand, in the hope of intercepting a craft below, and in the event of falling in with one we will pounce down upon it like a hawk upon a sparrow.'

"I prepared a dozen sticks of matches I had in my pocket, all of different lengths, and handed them to Grimwood to dispose of the game as he desired. He said:

"'Never mind, Donaldson; keep them in your own hands. I will draw one, you another, and he who draws the longest will have the choice, because it is a forlorn to me at best, since I would be badly off in the crazy old balloon without ballast, without experience and without knowledge in the art of air sailing, as I shall be in the water with a life preserver. If the choice falls to me I will sell out cheap anyhow, should Providence send a vessel in sight, and near us, in that event I would sooner take to the 'water lot' than to the 'air plot.'

"As he reached out his hand to draw his lot, he remarked: 'Your hand trembles,' and so it did—a thing that seldom occurred to me.

"The sun was now going down behind the cloud bank of a golden fringed horizon. All nature was still as death. I imagined that the gold and purple-colored drapery that appeared to curtain the chamber behind it represented the mausoleum of our approaching resting place.

"Grimwood sat motionless in the car, his hand resting on his notebook, his countenance indicative of deep thought, his face fixed as that of a statue. For the first time he seemed to realize the solemnity of the occasion. He refused to measure lots with me. He said in a very serious mood, 'Donaldson, it is all for the best; I am ready; God be with us.' And his chin sank slowly upon his breast. The scene unnerved me. I turned my eyes once more to the setting sun, and there I saw depicted in the cloud formation an old man with a sickle in his hand.

"Oh, what a solemn scene was before me! I was ready to sink down with grief, for now were flitting through my mind the scenes of my childhood—the happy days of youth, the pangs of despised love, thoughts of the two little offsprings of my own flesh and blood, of the one whom I had won and to whom I was betrothed. All these, and a thousand other things, were flitting through my brain.

"I never before felt such a horror over an approaching calamity. No one can imagine what a desolate wilderness it seems to be where you can see nothing but water underneath you, and that surging and foaming as it were with internal convulsions. To be hemmed in, with such faint prospects of escape, and to be fixed, as it were, in the middle of creation, pinned fast in the ethereal vault, as if some invisible power was holding you there, ready to drop you at any moment, down, down, into the seething, yawning gulf of water, there to drown, and then to become food for fish, and all that without the solace of an attendant and friend, almost drove me to desperation, and made me think it would be better for me to die first, and let my deluded companion have the last thread of safety that was available under the circumstances.

"Oh, what a calamity a man can bring upon himself! We had now sunk low enough to hear the dreadful murmuring of the troubled waters. It was the Æronaut's Dead March, I thought. Again I rallied my spirits as Grimwood sang out: 'Here it comes!' 'What comes, friend Grimwood?' 'A sail, a craft. Cheer up, Donaldson!' With trembling fingers and doubting muscle I pulled the valve. Down, down, we came; we plunged car deep into the water! Not a moment was to be lost; night was cloaking its sable mantle around us.

"Grimwood thrust his life preserver over his shoulders, threw his sealed bottle overboard, and plunged into the lake, never looking whether he had drawn long or short in the lot. But, alas! the vessel had vanished from our sight. In another moment the car was slowly emerging from the ruffled water, and lazily the old leaky hulk was lifting itself up in the somber twilight. I now looked over the car into the water, and there I beheld Grimwood buffeting with the waves that were tossing him up and down. I shouted out, 'Good-bye, Grimwood! God bless you!' and he must have heard me, for he raised his hand above his head and swung it around in recognition of my call. I felt like jumping overboard and making an end of my troubles, but my journal must be disposed of first. I do not want to go to Hades and leave no record behind. I will continue to write until the last gleam of hope forsakes me. And now, as the balloon rises, it is getting lighter, so that I can again see to write. I looked out again for my struggling companion, but the shades of night had now so obscured the surface of the water that I could not see anything on its face. Poor Grimwood, as well as the vessel, had vanished from my sight, and I could see his manly form no more. I will now finish my journal, and commit myself to the waves that must sooner or later swallow me up, unless some miraculous escape should await me. I will, of course, not be able to chronicle the final result of this adventure should I be doomed to die here, so I may as well close up this narrative, seal it up in the water proof case, and drop it overboard, as I am sinking down fast now from gas leakage and the cooling atmosphere of the evening. May God have mercy on my two bereft children, and lead them through the storms of life safely. And finally may it never be the lot of any æronaut to undertake that which reason teaches him should not be undertaken, although the crowd may clamor and the ignorant cry out 'Coward!' since it is better to have the approbation of one sensible person than the shouts and hoazas of the herd, who never applaud most when your feats promise self-immolation.

"In the end I ask the world to deal charitably with me. Should my body be found, give it decent burial, and write for an epitaph: 'Here lies the body of a man whose reckless ambition and fear of being accused of want of nerve has sacrificed his own life and betrayed another fellow mortal into the snares of death, with no higher object than to serve the interests of a scheme which, to say the best of it, is but a poor thing in the progress of art and refinement.'

"Sealed and delivered. Amen!"

A Scrap of Indiana History in War Times.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal* gives a brief account of the experience of a stay-at-home Democrat, of Sullivan County, which is doubt but a counterpart of that of many others in this and various parts of the State, with the exception that they have not all got the manliness to acknowledge their error, and take a bold stand for the right and against their former co-conspirators. The name of the gentleman in question is Anderson M. Blevins, a well-know farmer residing near Carlisle, who tells his story as follows:

"I was a Democrat by education from my childhood. Owing to the influence that controlled me during the war, I was a bitter rebel and member of the Knights of the Golden Circle. My associates were the men who, a Andy Humphries organized to resist the draft, and to liberate the Rebel prisoners at Chicago and

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that "no questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons."

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

JESSE B., Vincent, Pa.: We think he is.

MRS. J. T., Westmoreland, Pa.: Address Ehrich & Co., New York.

F. M. C., Goshen, N. Y.: Send 15 cents to S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ills.

L. K. McC., Nashville, Mich.—We are sorry to say we have not at present.

A READER, Alpena, Mich.: We regret to say we do not have the work named.

ANON SMITH, Rochelle, Ills., wishes to learn the address of Jos. Peabody or Campbell, of the 2d Iowa Volunteer Infantry.

W. Q., Cairo, W. Va.: The "Prisoners' Association is designed to include only those who were some time during their service prisoners of war.

J. H. H., Speegleville, Tex.—Write to D. Appleton & Co., New York, for a copy of Upton's Infantry Tactics. We cannot now give you the price.

T. C. D., Walnut Run, O.: Six months are allowed to the homestead settler to enter upon his land. 2. we do not recommend the article named.

OMIT, Smithfield, Pa.—We do not remember what your questions were. If you will repeat them we will give them all the consideration possible.

R. E. L., Parker City, Pa.: We should advise you to take one of the old companies in preference, although we know nothing against the one you name.

JAMES ROSS, Rural Dale, O., would like to have the postoffice address of Capt. George Hall, of Co. E, 95th O. V. I. When last heard from he was at St. Jo, Mo.

J. T. S., Columbus, Ga.: There is no colored University in Kansas. Your other questions are not of enough general interest to warrant their being answered here.

ALEXANDER H. GRUNDY, Sunbury, O., asks: "Can any one give me the postoffice address of Mrs. Harriet McDuff, or any of her children, formerly Miss Harriet Crandstaff?"

JAMES M. BLOOM, Harper, Kans., asks: "Can any of the BLADE readers give me the postoffice address of Dr. Thomas Riggs, formerly Surgeon of the 7th Illinois Volunteer Cavalry?"

HENRY TROUP, Peackland, Mo., asks: "Can any of the numerous readers of the BLADE inform me as to the whereabouts of Col. Gillem, Colonel of the 10th Tenn. Inf'y from '61 to a out '65?"

ROBERT BATES, Pineville, Mo., writes: "I wish to inquire through your paper the whereabouts of Dr. George W. Carey, late Regimental Surgeon of the 13th Regiment Missouri Volunteer Cavalry.

GEORGE BOWLZER, Independence, O., asks: "Can any of the readers of the BLADE inform me of the whereabouts of my cousin, Charles S. Whitworth? When last heard from he was in Illinois."

W. H. B., Princeton, Mo., asks: "Can any of the readers of the BLADE give me the address of any of the members of Co. K, 27th Regt. Illinois Infantry, particularly of the Captain and Lieutenants?"

E. KAMINSAN, Kanona, N. Y., would like the address of Serg't Peter Aplin, Corp. Elias Mahoney, Stephen Mahoney, Wm. Mahoney, or John Martin, or any of the survivors of Co. K, 25th O. V. I.

J. L. P., Stanton, S. C., asks: "1. How old is S. J. Tilden, of New York?" 2. Do you know where I can get the life of Henry B. Lowry, the North Carolina outlaw?"—He was born in 1814. 2. We do not.

E. MATTOX, Casey, Ill., wishes to obtain the address of Rev. John W. Swift, a Captain of Co. G, 126th Ills. Vols., during the war. Any person knowing his whereabouts will confer a favor by answering.

J. H. ESSEX, Room 7, Court House, Toledo, O., wishes to obtain the address of John N. Todd, a bugler in the 11th Mich. Battery during the late war. The last heard of him he was in Cleveland, O., in 1866-7.

C. B. PARMER, Spencer, Ind., late Captain Co. I, 12th Ind., Vols., wishes to learn the whereabouts of Jacob Ebersole, late 1st Surgeon of the 19th Regt. Ind. Vols.; also Dr. Abraham B., Inskeep, of the same regiment.

G. M. C., Harrisville, Kan., asks: "Will you please tell me who has the appointment of the supervisors of the respective districts of States for the taking of the census?"—Prof. Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of the Census.

MRS. ROSA BALLARD, Decatur, Ill., wishes to obtain the address of Mrs. H. J. Edwards or Sophie E. Ballard. If they will address Mrs. Ballard as above by letter or postal card, they will learn something to their advantage.

T. S. WORCESTER, Sheffield, Ia., asks: "Will some of the readers of the BLADE give me the address of Dr. Carrie T. Finn, formerly of Malden, Dane County, Wis.? He was Asst. Surgeon in the 6th Wis. Inf'y in 1861.

WM. R. CAMPBELL, Leipsic, O., wishes information as to the whereabouts of Col. Hayward, 15th Regiment, Ohio National Guards; 2. Is the Regimental Surgeon of the 150th Regt., Ohio National Guards living? If so, where can he be found?

MRS. H. M. DOWNIE, Cedar Springs, Mich., wishes to obtain the address of Alice M. Emerson. When last heard from, two years ago, he was at Port Townsend, Washington Territory, and was going to Snohomish City, Snohomish Co., W. T.

Y. W. E., Genoa, O., asks: "Will you give me the meaning of the letters F. O. B. I find them in manufacturers' circulars?"—They stand for the words 'free on board,' and they signify that the goods are delivered by the seller free at the place of shipment.

T. V. DEMARIS, Wellington Kans., asks: "Can any BLADE reader give me the postoffice address of the Captain of Company A, 91 Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, and the officers commanding Company G, same regiment, while stationed at Barbeville Station, Va., October and November, 1865?"

B. E. CAMPBELL, Coyville, Kans., wishes to learn the whereabouts of L. H. Campbell, aged 28. He left his home near Coyville, Wilson Co., Kans., about the middle of June, 1879. His name and residence is quilted in the back of his overcoat. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his son.

W. W. V., Fair Isle, O., asks: "1. Is the 'Blade the largest paper of 4 sheet publication in the United States? I know it is the best, but is it the largest? 2. Was Harlan Foster's name on the Dicks' works?"—It is one of the largest; we are not prepared to say that it is the largest. 2. He was not. 3. We do not.

E. R. H., Sullivan, O., asks: "1. When was the bill passed to raise the President's salary, and other officers? 2. Did it take effect at the time it was passed, or did it date back four years? 3. What is the President's salary now?"—1. In 1873. 2. It dated back in the case of Congressmen and other officers, but not in the case of the President. 3. Fifty thousand dollars.

READER, Glady's Fork, W. Va., asks: "1. Is the trade dollar lawful money, or can any one be forced to take them? 2. What portion of State is Toledo in?"—1. The trade dollar is not a legal tender, and has not been for more than three years past. 2. In the northwestern part, at the western end of Lake Erie. Consult your map.

SUBSCRIBER, Allerton, Ioa., asks: "Please explain why the silver trade dollar is not worth as much in the United States as the legal silver dollar? The Greenbackers in this county are making it quite a hobby."—The trade dollar is not a legal tender, while the standard silver dollar is. Hence the former passes current for only the bullion value of the silver it contains.

JOHN P. D., Bentonville, Ark.: Parson Nasby's letters were begun as early as 1861, and he has always been a Republican in principle. The Nasby letters were published continuously during the war, and since 1865 have been a very prominent feature of the BLADE. These facts will show you at once that there is not the slightest foundation for any rumor such as you quote.

W. F. F., Weston, Kan., writes: "I am a naturalized citizen of the United States, my son, a minor at the time I took out my papers, is now of age. Is he a citizen by virtue of my naturalization? If not, please give the law. 2. I noticed in the Jackson, Miss., paper, under the heading 'Col. Polk's Convention,' a resolution sympathizing with D. M. Bennett, and would like to know for what he is imprisoned?"—1. Yes. 2. For sending obscene publications through the mails.

J. L. A., Hopkins, Mo., asks: "In case of the death of President Hayes, who then becomes President? I claim that the Speaker of the House would be President until Wheeler could be sworn in. Others that Wheeler would be President immediately."—There would be no President till the Vice President had taken the oath of office. The President pro tem of the Senate would succeed to the office of President next after the Vice President.

W. D. H., Chenfawa, Tex., asks: "1. Is Chamber's Encyclopedia a similar work to that of Appleton's American Encyclopedia. 2. Does contain as much scientific matter as Appleton's? 3 and 4. ——"—1. Yes in general character, although one is an English, the other an American work. 2. Relatively, yes; absolutely no. Appleton's has 15 large volumes, Chamber's but 10. 3 and 4. We believe they are a reliable firm. They are well spoken of by those who know them.

MRS. H. J. D., Hayesville, Kan., writes: "1. We understand that the State of Pennsylvania is giving the soldiers that went to the Mexican war from that State a pension. Will you please tell us, through your Correspondents' Column, the name of the Pension Agent and his postoffice address? 2. Will you also please tell us whether the Mexican soldiers are entitled to a pension from the United States or not?"—1. This must be a mistake; we have never heard of any such action on the part of Pennsylvania. 2. No legislation to that end has ever been had by Congress, although it has been repeatedly proposed to pension the Mexican volunteers.

J. L., Harmon, Ills., writes: "I notice in the Correspondents' Columns of this week's BLADE that you say the Presbyterian Church has more communicants than the Lutheran. That is a mistake; the Lutheran Church has more communicants than the Presbyterian, which you will find to be so if you examine the church almanacs of the two churches for 1879. You also say the Roman Catholic has more than any other church in this country. That is a mistake, for the M. E. has the most. Please make the correction."—The statistics we gave came to us from a perfectly reliable source. They may be incorrect, but Mr. L. will pardon us for saying that they seem quite as reliable as his unsupported statements.

X. Y. Z., writes: I notice in the BLADE'S answer to E. M. E., Peru, Ind., a process for silver electrotyping. Allow me to say to all who read the BLADE: "Be very careful how you handle cyanide of potassium, as it is highly poisonous, being a compound of prussic acid and potassium. All compounds of it, like silver cyanide are very poisonous, as also are all preparations of mercury used in plating, and no person who is inexperienced should undertake their application without an experienced plater or chemist to oversee them. I wonder much that such recipes are inserted in newspapers without an explanation of the danger of using, for even experienced platers must use great caution in handling those deadly poisons. The suggestions our correspondence are very pertinent. The truth is, that while it is easy to give recipes for these various processes, their successful execution can only be carried out by those who have a practical knowledge of such operations.

J. C., Churchs's Corners, Mich., asks: "Will you please explain the object of the United States Lake Survey Stations that have been built through this State?"—By an act of Congress, approved June 25, 1879, "The Mississippi River Commission" was created, consisting of seven Commissioners, whose duties are to complete the survey of the river between the head of the passes, near its mouth, to its headwaters, to make examinations and investigations, topographical, hydrographical, and hydrometrical, of said river and its tributaries. It may possibly be that the alluded-to towers are intended to facilitate the triangulation of the country, looking to the correction and permanent location of the Mississippi River, for which service there was appropriated $175,000, and the Secretary of War is authorized to supervise the same.

D. B. F., Lockport, Tenn., asks: "Will you please inform me what amount was paid out in he Scotia from the Peabody Educational fund last year?"—The appropriations from the fund for the last year were: Virginia, $9,850; North Carolina, $6,700; South Carolina, $4,250; Georgia, $6,500; Florida, $4,000; Alabama, $3,400; Mississippi, $4,000; Louisiana, $5,600; Texas, $7,500; Arkansas, $3,000; Tennessee, $12,000; West Virginia, $2,000; total, $74,850. The treasurer's report showed a balance of about $87,000, available for expenditure during the coming year. In former years the income has amounted at times to as much as $110,000; but there has been some shrinkage since the six-per-cent. bonds, in which much of the fund was invested, have been called in, the new investments being in four-per-cent. bonds.

YEOMAN MECHANIC, Sereno, Pa., asks: "Will you please give me a recipe for browning gun-barrels?"—Mix one ounce each of nitric acid and sweet spirits of niter, four ounces powdered blue vitriol, two ounces tincture of iron, and water one-half pint. Agitate until dissolved. Polish the barrel and rub with powdered lime or whiting to remove all grease. Stop up the breech and muzzle of the barrel with wooden plugs made long enough to handle the barrel by. Rub the solution on evenly and put in a warm place to dry until the next day, then rub off the coating produced by the solution with a wire brush. Repeat the process of wetting, drying and rubbing off until the desired color is produced. When this is the case, wash in pearlash water and then in clear water.

P. E., Long Grove, Ills., writes: "I was told that a man by the name of Prof. E. Gray, of Highland, Park, Ill., claims that he has invented or improved the telephone, and that he and Mr. Thomas Edison were at law about it. Now which of these two men is the inventor of the telephone in its present state? Have they had any law suits? If so, who came out ahead? How many are Mr. Edison's inventions, and what are they?"—1. Prof. Gray and Mr. Edison both invented a telephone, and the two are unlike in some minor details, although both made virtually the same use of the electric current. Suits are now pending whereby the different inventors seek to establish their respective claims. Prof. Edison has made something less than a thousand inventions, and we doubt if he knows himself the total number of his applications for patents, caveats, etc. 2. Crape is generally worn on the left arm as a mourning badge.

SAMUEL WORTHINGTON, Moorestown, N. J., late of the 11th Kans. Cav. Vols., wishes to obtain the address of Capt. Henry E. Palmer, 1st Lieut. Thornton, or 2d Lieut. Shaw, of Co. K, 11th Kans. Cav. Vols., late of same company and regiment. Also, to same address, name and residence of family who, in 1867, resided on the "Wire Road" between the Prairie Grove battlefield and Fayetteville, Ark., and who on Christmas Eve, 1862, received into their house and hospitably cared for a sick soldier, who was found one night, near their house, by some teamsters; said soldier being at the time a nurse, on his way from camp at Cane Hill, Ark., to the hospital at Fayetteville, Ark., with Christmas presents from the boys in camp. The house was a double log right hand side of road leading towards Fayetteville; sick or wounded men in the house at the time.

C. W. S., Lavalle, Wis., asks: "Will you please tell me how nickel plating is done?"—A process of nickel plating, in the wet way, without the use of batteries, has just been devised, which is said to give good results. To a dilute solution of chloride of zinc—five to ten per cent.—enough nickel sulphate is added to impart a decidedly green color to it, and the solution is then heated to boiling in a porcelain vessel; the clouding of the liquid, from a separation of a basic zinc salt, is no drawback, as it does not interfere with the effectiveness of the bath. The articles to be nickel coated, being first carefully cleaned of oxide or grease, are suspended in the solution from 30 to 60 minutes, the bath being kept at a boiling temperature. When the articles are found to have become uniformly coated, they are removed, washed in water in which there is a little chalk in solution, then dried, and finally brought to a polish with chalk or other suitable material. Try the substitution of a cobalt salt in place of the nickel, objects may be similarly coated with cobalt.

M. A. P., Marble Valley, Va., asks: "Will you please give me a few points in regard to the Bonapartes, tracing the conections from Napoleon I. and Josephine to the present day?"—It is well known that Napoleon and Josephine had no children, and their divorce was undoubtedly upon this ground. Napoleon then married Maria Louisa, the eldest daughter of Francis I. of Austria, and by her had a son, Napoleon II., born at Paris, March 20th, 1811, died at Schonbrunn, July 22d, 1832. He was a quiet, retiring lad and had his mother's rather than his father's disposition. Napoleon III., popularly known as Louis Napoleon, was a son of King Louis of Holland and Hortense de Beauharnais. It may be added that there were serious doubts as to the paternity of Napoleon III., King Louis and his wife having been for some time living apart. He was, however, made the heir of Napoleon I., and made an attempt to gain possession of the French throne as early as 1836. Napoleon IV., whose recent death death in Africa is fresh in every mind, the son of Napoleon III. and Eugenie, was born in the Tuileries, March 16th, 1853.

T. A. B., Davenport, Neb., asks: 1. "What is the policy of the Democratic party? 2. What is the reason that the rebel element of the South won't permit peace, as promised by them at the close of the late war?"—1. It would take a wiser man than the editor of this department to give the policy of the Democratic party. In Ohio it is in favor of soft money and in New York it recognizes nothing but gold and silver. In Ohio it would pay the bonds in greenbacks, but in New York it would insist on the spirit and letter of the original contract. In South Carolina and Mississippi it holds that each State is a sovereign power within and of itself, but in Maine and Massachusetts it maintains that the General Government is paramount to that of the States. The general policy of the Democratic party, where it has anything in common in the several States, is that of an objector and an obstructionist who sees nothing right in anything that has been done, and desires to demolish existing institutions without being able to supply better ones. 2. The Democracy of the South will not consent to peace, simply because they are determined to control the Southern States, "peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must," and the latter way is the only way by which they can preserve their party supremacy.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us some very interesting figures regarding the Hoosac Tunnel, mention of which was recently made in this department. They are copied, we believe, from statistics published by Mr. C. W. Hinman, North Adams, Mass.:

First proposed	1819
Charter granted	1848
Commenced	1851
Headings met Nov. 27	1854
Completed	1875
Total length, ft	25,031
East end to center shaft, ft	12,187
Central shaft to west shaft, ft	9,634
West shaft to west end, ft	3,210
Depth of Central shaft, ft	1,028
Depth of west shaft, ft	318
The central shaft, ft	15x27
Size west shaft, ft	10x24
Height of eastern summit, ft	1,427
Height of western summit, ft	1,718
Grade per mile, ft	26 40
Error in line at points of meeting, inches	9 16
Rock twice blasted, with quartz nucleus	
Water pumped from central shaft per minute, gals	211
Rock excavated, tons	1,000,000
Height, ft	20
Width, ft	24
Men employed	800 to 900
Killed by Boston	190
First train through, Feb. 9	1873
First freight, April 5	1875
First passenger, Oct. 18	1875
Above tide at East portal	9.96
Total length of brick arching, ft	7,575
No. of brick used in arching	20,000,000
Cost	$14,000,000
Lives lost	195

Contractors, F. & W. Shanley, Montreal.
Chief Civil Engineer, Benj. D. Frost.
Explosive, trinitro-glycerine. One pound of glycerine equals 13 pounds of powder.

NOW AND THEN.

Grant 25 Years Ago and Now.

Lemars (Ia.) Sentinel.

Twenty five years ago a subaltern officer of the United States army tripped through the streets of Frisco pulling a cigar and taking in the sights.

He cared for nobody, and nobody cared for him.

The crowd jostled by him and he elbowed through the crowd with the careless indifference of strangers.

The young officer was a plain-looking mortal, plain almost to shabbiness; and he passed to and fro along the streets of the great Western metropolis as little noticed as the bootblacks.

He disappeared from Frisco and California—nobody missed him.

Then he took to thumping bulls about St. Louis, and pickling hides in Galena, but nobody noticed him.

One fine morning a political earthquake shook America.

It also shook the Galena tanner—the same fellow who a few years bef re so carelessly paraded the streets of Frisco.

Shook him.

Thrilled him.

Transformed him to a demi god

He quelled the great slaveholder's rebellion.

He strangled the Planter Republic,

And giant though he was, he never appeared to the naked eye more than the commonest of commonplace stokers.

He started on a little trip round the world about two years ago, and the world took off its hat as he pass d along, giving him a square drink and a fresh cigar every now and then.

The other day he struck 'Frisco on his homeward journey.

The first time he had been there for 25 years.

But, O ye gods, what a change!

Such a blare of trumpets, burning of gunpowder, tossing of sky-rockets, and hurrahing generally, was never seen since the world began.

And this was the obscure officer, the bull-whacker, the tanner, the conqueror—Grant.

Whose triumphal march around the globe eclipses the boldest conceptions of Cæsar.

Old boy, move right along to the White House.

Singular Echo.

The New Orleans *Picayune* thus describes an echo discovered by two gentlemen who had crossed Atchafalaya Bay from Morgan City to Berwick, and had occasion to call for a friend who had been left behind. "The distance across is less than half a mile, and the human voice can easily reach it. A prolonged call was made, and the parties listened for a response. In about 15 seconds, to their surprise, the same call came back, with all the peculiar inflections of voice that were given in the call. Thinking some one was on the other side, the party recited verses in Italian, Latin and Spanish, and after a delay they came back, the echo repeating as many as 20 words distinctly. Unlike most echos, this of Morgan City repeats whole sentences, and not the least diminished by reverberation.

This Is Just too Awful.

Cincinnati Gazette.

Although Pinafore has visited nearly every quarter of the globe, the Democrats can console themselves with the reflection that there are no troupes at the poles.

The Sunday School.

Faith and Works.

LESSON 4, SUNDAY, OCT. 26, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT: For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.—*James* 2:26.

LESSON TEXT.

[James 2: 14-26.]

14. What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him? 15. If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, 16. And one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding you give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? 17. Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. 18. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith and I have works: show me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works. 19. Thou believest there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe and tremble. 20. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead? 21. Was not Abraham our father justified by works, when he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar? 22. Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect? 23. And the scripture was fulfilled, which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness: and he was called the Friend of God. 24. Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and by works only. 25. Likewise also was not Rahab the harlot justified by works, when she had received the messengers, and had sent them out another way? 26. For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

What doth it profit? (v. 14.) That is always a practical question, concerning any mode of speech or action—*Cui bono?* What does it amount to? Your idea is that there is more in you than most people suppose; your belief is that if you were some where else you would do better than just where you are; your bragging of what you have done, or what you are going to do; your conviction that you are sound in doctrinal views, whether you are correct or not in your daily conduct; your good standing on the church records, while there is no other evidence that you are entitled to a fair reputation; your ownership of a religious library, or a pew in a church, or your connection with a large Bible class;—what does it profit you? Until you can meet that question squarely, your breath is wasted in giving an plans is to the future; your habits of piety practical importance in your personal life.

Can faith save? A great many people suppose it can. They talk of "saving faith," and wish they had it. Faith is trust in a person. If you are dangerously sick and trust in a skillful physician, can that trust save you? Suppose you do not send for him, or, when he comes do not follow his counsel, will your trust in him make you well? Try it and see. If you are in the upper room of a burning building, with the stairway in flames, and a strong-armed fireman appears at the window with a firm ladder beneath him,—is it enough that you have confidence in his readiness and ability to save you? Suppose you do not move at the call, but stand in the burning room until he gives up hope of you and returns to the street below. How much would your faith in that fireman do for you? If you were fool enough to rest on your faith in such a time, instead of doing as the fireman told you to, you would not be here to say how much it did amount to. Can faith save? It could and it cannot. The Saviour saves. There is salvation in none other person or thing. Have a care that you do not have faith in *faith* rather than faith in Christ.

If . . . you say . . . be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things needful; . . . what doth it profit? (v. 15, 16). How many bubbles of charity such a point as that does prick! Isn't it then fair to measure a man's religious zeal by his talks in prayer-meeting? Must we rather consider how many times in the week he seeks to win souls to Christ by his personal conversation with them? Is the amount a man gives to benevolent causes, according to his means, a better evidence of his large-heartedness than his protestations of his love for the cause of Christ and for Christ's poor? Is an open mouth no substitute for a closed hand in a dealing with the poor, when words are so much cheaper? If not, then it does seem as if personal religion had a very expensive luxury. It will cost something to be a Christian, if a man is going to be measured by what he does and gives, rather than by what he looks and says. Can we afford to be real Christians? Can we afford not to be?

Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works (v. 18). Said a Boston preacher to his own congregation, "I often hear it said in this city that 'it makes no difference what a man believes, if he only acts right.' Now, while I am not willing to admit the truth of this, I am ready to say that it makes no difference what a man believes if he doesn't act right. I don't care how sound a man's creed is, if he will lie and steal. I have no confidence in his religious character." That is a paraphrase—a practical application of these words of the Apostle James. Show me your faith apart from your keeping his commandments, and I will show you my trust in him by doing just as he tells me. What if an employer does say that he trusts a clerk al solutely, when he sends somebody to watch him lest he should prove dishonest or unfaithful? What if a man lost in the woods declares to one who comes to show him the way out, that he has implicit confidence in him as a guide, and then starts off in the opposite direction? "Actions speak louder than words." If you have any faith to speak of, you have a faith that evidences itself in daily conduct.

Thou dost well: the devils also believe (v. 19). It is sometimes right to do just as bad persons do. The worst persons in the world commonly eat, and sleep, and walk, and work, and wear clothing, and do a great many other very proper things. That is no reason why we shouldn't do the same. But it is a very common argument against some candidate for office that he has the support of certain parties or cliques or sections. He may not be to blame for that. A public measure may be a very good one in spite of its being approved by persons in whom we have no confidence. The test of any course of action is—not What do bad people think of it? but—Is it right? If it is right, stick to it, if you find your next neighbor an imp of the devil. This thought, that it is wrong to do anything which bad people do, is as unsafe a guide to conduct as is the thought that it is right to do whatever good persons do. A man may be bad in spite of his most unworthy ones. Don't use tobacco, or go to the theater, or be inconsiderately blunt in speech or manner *because* your minister does, if those happen to be his practices. On the other hand, don't refuse your confidence to a minister because the worst man in the community says he trusts him, and would trust him through thick and thin. "The devils also" do some things which it would be well for you to do.

And tremble. Signs of feeling are no evidence of a change of character or purpose. They are in themselves no safeguard against the danger which arises from making the hair stand on end at the sight of a runaway horse dashing down toward you isn't worth half so much as jumping out of his way. There is a great deal of crying over difficulties, which has no practical result in the removal of or surmounting of the troubles recognized. Many disciples and reputable youth has had a real hard cry over his sins and his follies, all by himself in his own room, when he is fairly out of one debauch—and before he begins another. Much time and energy are wasted in tears over repented misunderstandings between friends, or the members of the same family, when a decisive and sensible conference over the causes of trouble, and a united purpose of meeting them resolutely, would render such tears uncalled for. There are teachers in the Sunday school whose aim is, each Sunday, to get their scholars in tears; and they take fresh hope from every new cry in their class. And that is the test which many a superintendent applies to his closing address from the desk—how many in the school were moved to tears. Tears and trembling are inevitable in certain natures, and at certain emergencies, and they are well as far as they go; but they are not in themselves a holy purpose, or a complete victory. Old Dr. Backus, formerly President of Hamilton College, was a man of tender feelings, as well as of firm and high resolves. When unable to control his emotions in preaching, he would stop and say, "Brethren, excuse these tears. There is no religion in them." Yet some people count the tears religious merely because they succeed tears freely whenever they hear a good sermon.

Abraham believed God: . . . and he was called the friend of God (v. 23). Trust is the very essence of friendship. No friendship is possible without implicit trust. In no other relation of life is trust absolutely indispensible. A husband and wife may be true to each other even when there is a lack of unwavering trust on the one side or the other. A child may obey his parents faithfully after he has lost faith in their consistency and truthfulness. Many a parent is the best of parents to a child who cannot be trusted. A man may follow another's teachings, or prescriptions, or methods of work, without trusting him fully in all things. But to be a true friend, or to have a true friend, there must be absolute, unqualified, implicit trust. There is a great deal of friendliness in the world which is not friendship. We speak of many as our friends when we do not mean that we trust them utterly—they are not real friends; we do not so consider them. But if we have a friend, if we know what friendship is, if we are ourselves capable of it, and are in its exercise toward another, we trust that friend unconditionally within the limits of a legitimate friendship. Of his character and untwo things see we are sure. He is not on trial with us. Others may misunderstand and misjudge him; but we do not. Those whom we love and honor may differ with us in our estimate of him; and may even warn us against him, or think our friendship for him unwise; that does not swerve us. We trust him against all appearances—even his seeming conduct or utterances at times; we would trust him at every cost and in spite of all the world. Even though we must be at variance with every other being on earth because of our confidence in that friend, we would trust him, and be ready to prove our trust in him until we should find him unworthy of our friendship. Nothing short of this standard is real friendship. No other term could have so honored Abraham as that which is given him when he is called "the Friend of God." To be a friend of God is more than to be a servant of God, a follower of God, a child of God. "Henceforth I call you not servants," says Jesus to his disciples; "but I have called you friends." And then he adds as the test of true friendship toward him—as the only evidence of implicit trust in him—"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times*

PITH AND POINT.

Those verses that Kiddle says Byron wrote are like the ex-Superintendent—hard out.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The reign of Cetewayo is over, and it was a good deal of a shower while it lasted.—*Chicago Tribune.*

It always makes a man mad to see two young women kiss each other, and yet the fair exchange is no robbery to him.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Distracted mother: "If you children make such a noise I shall go out of my mind." Young rip: "Go on, mother; I'll mind the young 'uns while you're gone."—*Fun.*

If Jacob's ladder was now to be placed against the entrance of heaven as of old, you couldn't induce anybody to ascend it. An opposition elevator would get all the passenger traffic.—*New Haven Register.*

He had vague ideas of house-furnishing, and he asked her what kind of carpets he should get for the parlor. She answered: "Axminster." And then he warmly protested that it was none of the minister's business.

A Bridgeport, Conn., girl recently got a button in her ear and has suffered terribly ever since. Some villain suggests that the young men thereabouts ought to see that the breast buttons on their coats are well sewed on.

An earnest Methodist was hauled over the coals by a council of brother ministers for the six of exaggeration. He arose and said: "The punishment they had judged him was just. He knew his sin. He had shed bar'l of tears over it."

We want to make a tidy paragraph, and know no better way of doing it, although it may be considered crewel, than to say that the Afghans are worsted. If the joke is a little unfortunate, darn it, if you will.—*Boston Transcript.*

Can any one explain why the man who runs the calcium light at a spectacular play looks particularly delighted in turning the bright rays of his light upon the glistening bone of the bald-headed men in the front row?—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

It being claimed by one of the sterner sex that man was made first and the lord of creation, the question was asked by an indignant beauty, how long he remained lord of creation. "Till he got a wife," was the reply.—*Anthropological Exchange*

Emperor William was immensely tickled when a conjurer, who was amusing the Royal party one evening recently, closed a performance by producing out of his tricks with the remark: "Now, if any one happens to have a clean handkerchief—"

The Princess of Wales, although she left Denmark nearly 20 years ago, is still as great a favorite with the Danes as in her girlhood; they always welcome her visits with immense enthusiasm. The Copenhagers used to call her by the pet name "Olestenen"—"The apple of our eye."

A member in the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation, when the President said: "Mr. ——, do you suppose a General would address his soldiers in the manner in which you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half scared to death."—*Unknown Exchange.*

Gen. Grant says that travel through any part of the interior of Japan is as secure to the unaccompanied and unarmed foreigner as it is in New England. And it is a great deal more so, he might have added, than it is in Mississippi, Kentucky or Texas. But then we send missionaries to Japan, and none to the Southern States named.—*New Herald.*

An exchange criticises too literal interpreters of literature as those who "magnify the letter at the expense of the spirit of truth." And the new girl, who, on being told to spread the table, coated it with butter, magnifying its reflecting power so she could see her face in it, buised herself at the expense of the churning.—*Food du Lac Reporter.*

The wealthiest man in Kalamazoo, Mich., was approached in the street by an excited little boy, who said: "Mister, my sister is in the flume, over there; if you'll get her out I'll give you a dollar." The man rescued the imperilled child. A few days after, as the boy entered his office and put on his desk a dollar in small coin, having broken open a toy bank, and sold a hobby horse to raise the amount.

They were courting—"What makes the stars so dim to-night" she said softly. "Your eyes are so much brighter," the whispered, pressing her little hand. They are married now. "I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars," she said musingly. "One, if it was long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?"—*Rockland Courier.*

It is said that away out in the Indian Territory, not within thousands of miles of the nearest railroad station, schools, churches, beer saloons, walking matches and other evidences of civilization—here in the remotest wilds of America, some fellow has discovered a tract of several thousands of acres of land that has never been claimed by Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines. This sounds incredible, but it may be true.—*Norristown Herald.*

"What do you call that?" indignantly asked a customer in a cheap restaurant, pointing to something he had discovered in his plate of hash. "Wristband with sleeve-button attached, sir," said the waiter briskly. "Well, do you consider that a proper thing for a man to find in his hash?" asked the indignant customer. "Good heavens, sir," cried the waiter, "would you expect to find a $10 silk umbrella in a 15 cent plate of hash?"—*National Car Builder.*

Ex-Collector Simmons, of Boston, said at a club dinner the other day that he had stepped out of his party "for this occasion only," and that he expected to be working in the Republican ranks again next year. His case reminds us of the church member who got tipsy, and in that condition was by his pastor. Being sternly rebuked for his conduct, he excused himself in this wise: "You know, parson, that for more than 20 years I've served the Lord faithfully and well, and so I thought I might as well *take a day.*"—*Newton Journal.*

The late novelist, Charles Lever, being once in London with his daughter, absent from his Consulate at Trieste without leave, was invited to dinner by Lord Lytton. "Ah, Lever," said his brother novelist, as he came in, "glad you are come. You will meet your chief, Clarendon (then Foreign Minister)." "I fear I must retire, my nose is bleeding," making for the door, which at that instant opened, Lord Clarendon being announced. After shaking hands with the host, his lordship espied Lever. "Ah, Mr. Lever, didn't know you were in England; didn't even know you had asked for leave." "No-o, my lord," answered the witty novelist, "I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship to come and ask for it in person."

A Curious Accident.

A curious instance of partial loss of memory is mentioned in the French papers. A painter, who was visiting a friend at Sceaux, was standing on a balcony on the second floor, when he overbalanced himself and fell on the ground below. Every one rushed down stairs, expecting to find him dead; but he quickly picked himself up, and seemed unhurt. When, however, he turned to address his friends, he could not remember their names. He had forgotten his own, and, to his utter astonishment, he also found that he could not recall a single substantive. He can pronounce one after the other the letters of which the names of his wife and daughter are composed, but he is unable to unite them into one word.

SISTER MARGARET.

An Angel in a Woman's Form.

Baltimore Gazette.

There lives in New Orleans a woman who is known all over the City as "Margaret," sometimes she is called "Sister Margaret" and at others "Mother Margaret." She is of plain exterior, of Irish birth, heavy frame and weighs over 200 pounds; she dresses in plain calico and is frequently seen driving her bakers' cart, for she is the founder and manager of one of the largest and most prosperous bakeries in the city. Years ago she was an attendant in the Female Orphan Asylum and through all the epidemics Margaret was always conspicuous for her devotion to the little unfortunates, and prominent in gathering funds and donations to help the directors keep starvation out of the portals of the Asylum. In time she determined to establish a bakery, in order to enable her to supply them with bread, and by her masterly management she built up a business that has enabled her to sustain her life of devotion to the orphans and to amass a reasonable competence for herself in her old age. She must be now over 50 years of age and may be daily seen driving through the streets, making her purchases of flour, or at early noon actually delivering bread to her customers, or sending it to the asylums. In all the numerous public charities, originating with the ladies, every year she has invariably contributed her mite, sometimes $50 and sometimes more, without solicitation, and she does not hesitate to visit the sick and personally nurse them or see that they are properly attended. But her last act of generosity—to the orphans of Gen. Hood—proportionate to her fortune, we think, is the largest charitable donation ever given in this country and by comparison places her self sacrifices alongside of Florence Nightingale and far ahead of the Vanderbilts, Stewarts and Astors of the North. She recently sent Gen. Hood's children a check for $500. Verily, New Orleans has "an angel in a woman's form" and when she goes to her reward she will deserve a monument that will endure forever.

A Safe Offer.

Indianapolis Journal, (Rep.)

If it can be shown that the Democratic party has done anything during the last 20 years to entitle it to public confidence or approval, we admit that it might safely be entrusted with the control of the Government.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early dec

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

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THE BLADE,
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We have a few copies of the Prisoner's Reunion as published in last week's BLADE. Price five cents per copy post paid.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* keeps fully abreast of the spelling reform, and substitutes "f" for "ph" every time. The *Hawkeye* was always a very sensible paper.

Our subscribers can always do us a favor by sending us the names of those who would be interested in a first-class family paper.

The Chicago *Tribune* is afraid that people will forget that GRANT is an Ohio man. It need not be. People are more prone to forget of any great personage that he is not an Ohio man.

They say that Old Blue Jeans WILLIAMS is so mad because he was not invited to take part in the Ohio Campaign that he makes the air around him bluer than his pantaloons whenever the subject is mentioned.

We hope to announce our list of new books next week. Meantime we shall be glad to send our regular catalogue to any address on application.

Gen. Sam. Cary has felt moved to remark that if EWING is elected Governor of Ohio, THURMAN'S Presidential prospects are exceedingly and eternally defunct. "If EWING carries Ohio," says the great repudiator, "everything is ready laid for him for the Presidency." It will not be at all necessary for EWING to lie awake nights thinking over this contingency. If THURMAN never dies till EWING'S election kills him, he stands a fair show of being politically immortal.

The great European demand for American products has made the greenback at par all over the civilized world. The ignorant Italian peasant who clutches eagerly the 85 greenback offered him by the American tourist, does not trouble himself with any subtleties about its being "secured by a mortgage on the muscles and sinews and broad acres of the Nation." He only knows that the Village broker is paying a good price for that species of currency; the Village broker only knows that he has received orders from the City Banker to buy up all that he can find; and the City Banker only knows that the grain and provision dealers are all inquiring for greenbacks to pay their bills for American products. There would be very little "go" to the greenback in Italy if it had nothing to push it except the good faith and honor of a Nation that is liable at any time to go under the control of the Democratic party.

Whoever says that the people of the North desire a continuance of this sectional agitation, speaks falsely and knowingly so. There are thousands of things that the people of the North would rather do than engage in politics. They would infinitely rather build railroads, erect and run manufactories, make farms, buy, sell, barter, write books, speculate, or sail the seas than indulge in partizan agitation. But it is the South that forces them to do this for their own preservation. In order to be allowed to go on uninterruptedly in the active pursuits of business, professional or literary life—which they love—they are compelled to embark in political action, which they do not like. They will not be misgoverned by such methods as the South puts in operation to bring about misgovernment, and they are compelled to meet the determination of the South that this shall shall be done with a greater determination that it shall not be done.

"I ADMIT," says VOORHEES, "that the Southern people do vote about solid against the Republican party. The voters of New England are about as solid against the Democratic party, and yet we don't hear such alarming howling about that. I believe that every man has a right to vote as he pleases, whether North or South." Just so, Mr. VOORHEES. But suppose "the voters of New England" had been made "solid against the Democratic party" by means of the shot gun and the tissue ballot, as you well know the South was made "solid" against the Republicans, would not your ample voice now be heard in "alarming howling about it?" The difference between spelling books and shot guns, as political agencies, is what makes the difference in the degree of "howling" in the two cases! Mr. VOORHEES *does not* "believe that every man has a right to vote as he pleases, whether North or South," for if he did, he would have been denouncing the infamous policy of murder and fraud on which the Democratic party now relies for its success.

It will oblige us greatly if persons who are ordering books from our special list given on this page, will in all cases name the date of the issue from which they order. A new list given this week affords some very desirable opportunities to obtain good books.

GOING, GOING.

The opportunities for securing agencies for the sale of "Andersonville," are going rapidly, and a week or two later somebody will be sure to be disappointed. Those who want to handle a taking book and make money, should make application at once to Dr. R. LOCKE, Publisher, Toledo, O., stating what territory they want, when they will receive by return mail full particulars pertaining to the work.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Nicaragnan Minister of Public Work, has written a letter to an engineer at Washington relative to the proposed inter oceanic canal, in which he says: "In regard to the action this Government may take in the matter relative to promoting the execution of this work, you are in a position to know it from your intimate knowledge of this country. You know our strongest desire is to realize the execution of the great work on which this country bases all its hopes for future development. We expect to hear that a commission has started to treat with our Government on this subject, when it arrives you will see that nothing will be wanting that may be required of us."

The Post Office Department at Washington has received the report of a special agent who was detailed to make an investigation in regard to the shooting of FRED. NIX, jr., the Postmaster at Blackville, S. C. The report strongly condemns not only the assailing party but the community at large for not having protected the Postmaster; and attributes the attack upon NIX to animosity arising from his politics and his color. The Department has not as yet taken any action upon this report, but the matter will be referred to the Attorney-General to ascertain whether anything legally can be done by the Washington authorities for the Postmaster's protection from further injury.

The forthcoming annual report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office will contain an interesting comparative statement of the disposals of public lands of the United States to actual settlers during each of the last five fiscal years. The totals range from about 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 acres each for the fiscal years of 1875, 1876, and 1877, to 7,166,974 acres for the year ending June 30, 1878, and 8,650,119 acres during the 12 months which ended with last June. The totals of entries under the Homestead and Timber Culture Laws contrast as follows: For the fiscal year of 1877, 2,698,771 acres; for 1878, 6,288,779 acres; for 1879, 8,025,685 acres. The cash sales show a decrease of 255,000 acres since last year, when they aggregated about 877,000 acres. But the net increase in the amount of land taken by actual settlers during the last fiscal year is found to have been nearly 1,500,000 acres.

A Washington dispatch contains the report that Congressmen B. W. LEWIS, of Alabama will resign his seat in the House to accept the Presidency of the University of Alabama, of which he was a graduate in the Class of 1857. His political career began in 1868, when he was a Presidential Elector on the Seymour and Blair ticket. In 1870, 1871 and 1872 he was a member of the State House of Representatives, and was first sent to Washington as a member of the Forty-fourth Congress.

EX-SECRETARY FISH, in a letter expressing his inability to attend the recent memorial services for CALEB CUSHING at Newburyport, Mass., pays a high tribute to him as the leading counsel before the Tribunal of Geneva. "His knowledge," says Mr. Fish, "of the law of nations and his familiarity with the languages, the literature and the institutions of other countries enabled him to hold intercourse with and impress himself and the points and the logic of the American case upon those to whom the English language was not familiar. His argument before the Tribunal it was which, delivered in a language understood by and familiar to each of the arbitrators, especially the three not named by either of the parties litigant, brought the law and the facts on which rested the American case to the intelligence of the entire court."

Secretary SCHURZ, since his return to Washington, expresses the belief that the outbreak of the Utes was not only to be expected, but was, to a certain extent, unavoidable. The Utes of that section are fully determined on preserving a savage life, and are wholly disinclined to work or to learn farming. He thinks no excuse can be alleged for the outbreak on their part, as the Government has supplied the Indians with all the necessaries of life. He declares himself well pleased with what he saw on his trip especially among the Sioux, formerly the most dangerous and consequently the most dreaded of all the savage tribes.

A Washington dispatch says that a letter announcing that Mr. Justice HUNT, of the Supreme Court, will not be able to attend to his duties this Winter because of ill health has occasioned a semi-official rumor that Congress will be asked to retire him on full pay and that Attorney General DEVENS may be offered the position. Some time ago, it will be remembered, Mr. DEVENS wished to accept the position of United States Circuit Judge for New England, but was persuaded by the President to remain Attorney General because his retirement would break up the Cabinet. Since Sec. MCCRARY seems likely to succeed Judge DILLON, that objection would not hold now, even though urged by the President. Justice HUNT'S position is worth $10,000 a year for life and the Attorney Generalship but $8,000 a year for four years.

The Massachusetts Democracy met in Convention at Boston on the 7th inst., and nominated JOHN QUINCY ADAMS for Governor by acclamation. The remainder of the ticket was completed by a Committee appointed for the purpose. The Convention passed off quietly, save for a feeble attempt made by the BUTLER Democracy to capture the Convention, and secure the nomination of a BUTLER man as Secretary of State.

The flow of gold to this country still continues, and in all probability will be accelerated still farther by the active and upward tendency in the wheat market. A single steamship, the Canada, arriving at New York on the 10th inst., brought over $1,067,200 in gold coin. The total receipts of foreign specie for the week ending the 10th inst. was $3,296,800. Large quantities of foreign gold are being recoined at Philadelphia into American eagles.

A terrible accident on the Michigan Central Railroad, near Jackson, Mich., on the morning of the 10th inst., caused the death of more than 20 persons and the wounding of 40 to 50 others. The accident was caused by attempting to switch empty cars over the track on the time of the Pacific Express, which at the time of the collision was behind and running at a high rate of speed. A full and exhaustive investigation will be held by the Railway company.

Our Wesrern dispatches give further particulars from the scene of the late Indian fight on Milk River Colo. From these it appears that Capt. PAYNE'S command after having undergone a seige of five days, were finally relieved by Gen. MERRITT, on the evening of Oct. 6th. Gen. MERRITT reached White River Agency on the 11th only to find the dead bodies of Father MEEKER, the U. S. Indian Agent, and several of his employes and assistants, while the buildings had all been burned. No traces were found of the women and children, and it is supposed that these have been carried off to a fate worse than death.

We are obliged to go to press without being able to give any definite result of the Ohio elections of Tuesday. It is believed, at this writing, that the vote is one of the heaviest ever polled in the State, and that FOSTER (Republican) is elected Governor by a majority ranging from 10,000 to 15,000. The vote of the Democrats and Nationals is very much divided, and, owing to the scratching and trading carried on between these two parties, it will be hard to ascertain the actual figures. Dispatches from Cincinnati and other points show considerable Republican gains.

The past two weeks have been characterized by an unusually feverish and restless condition among the laboring men in various parts of the country. Sensational reports have been circulated alleging that general movements were about taking place among the various labor organizations, looking to securing higher wages, but, with the exception of Cincinnati and Chicago, no such movements have occurred. With the renewed activity everywhere manifested, there is a general improvement in the labor market, and in a number of cases wages have already been advanced.

HANDS OFF!

The worst enemy to the business prosperity and welfare of this country, is the man who proposes at this time to break in upon the healthy and sound condition to which our finances have been brought, and strike down the sense of confidence and security now so well re established. Whatever object political adventurers may have in such policy, no man who cares for the common good, would be a party to throwing the country again into the maelstrom of financial agitation and general distrust. Even Gen. EWING, the champion agitator, was compelled in Toledo to concede that *the business situation has improved since resumption was established.* This he did unqualifiedly, although reluctantly. How could he do otherwise? How could he deny what was before his eyes on every hand, and before every other man's eyes? Not to make such acknowledgement, would be to insult the intelligence of every man, woman and child in the land.

That Gen. EWING should be reluctant to make the fatal concessions referred to, is quite natural, since in it he completely "gave himself away," with all there was in his finely spun theory of finance. For years he had been prophesying disaster and utter ruin, as the only possible result of a return to specie resumption; and now to find that his theory was a cheat and his prophesy false, there was nothing left on which to stand. Resumption having been followed by a better financial condition and a revival of business, why should anybody who wants such state of things to continue wish to have it interfered with? And what possible good is to come from electing to office the man who thus confesses his financial theory a fraud and himself a false prophet?

The duty of the people is plain. They should so cast their votes as to maintain the financial policy which is extorting from its most bitter opponents concessions of its success. When a patient is improving under a course of treatment, who would advise a change? And particularly, who would propose to put him into the hand of a quack who had opposed such treatment and prophesied that it must result in death? That is just the case with the financial condition of the country. "Let well enough alone." Hands off—at least, as long as the patient is doing well.

CONVICT VS. FREE LABOR.

One of the loud complaints of the workingmen's party has been that the system of prison labor, maintained in this country, is ruinous to honest industry, that the difference in prices paid by contract for the work of convicts diminishes by just so much the opportunity for those who obey the laws and are good citizens to elevate themselves and get better prices for what they do.

A great deal of this howl is gotten up for a purpose. Demagogues know that this appeal to self interest is one likely to be heard, and to possess the strongest kind of influence. The greater part of those who listen do not examine into the matter to really understand just how far this competition extends, and what weight it has in determining the wages paid for outside labor. It has in truth but very little, and for several reasons.

The number of convicts who are hired out upon contract is very small compared to the number of laborers in the country, and careful estimates show that the whole value of their production is less than one per cent. of the total production of the country. The effect of this upon the market must be less even than one per cent., because prison labor is far less intelligent and effective than that of free. The convicts labor under compulsion. They have no interest, beyond that of escaping punishment, in doing their work well. Pride, family affection; and desire to increase in worldly prosperity, all that combine to impel the free laborer to use his brains with his hands have no influence here. Everything that is done is simply and purely mechanical work, without brains or heart in it. The results must be far less effective, and their influence upon the labor market proportionately smaller.

One advantage is gained by convict labor which the demogogue is very careful not to bring forward in his arguments to unsettle the workingmen. It is this. While at work they are self supporting, and the community is not taxed to keep them in idleness. Were they not in durance, they would be a constant source of danger to every individual who respects law and order. Such persons prey upon all classes of society alike, and it is for the interest of one class as much as for another to take the opportunity for wrong doing out of their hands. This is best done by placing them under such restraints as will render the community safe, and at the same time be the best for the criminal himself. Constant employment is the surest safeguard against mischief.

This cry of the ruinous competition of convict labor with free, has but little color of truth in it, when facts come to be examined, but it has been used with great effect as a sort of battle cry by those who have axes to grind for political purposes.

HOW HE FELL.

Embezzlements have become so common as hardly to challenge more than a passing attention. The story is usually about the same, debts from fast living, borrowing of the money without the knowledge of its owners, and the almost sure discovery of what has become a theft. The case of young BOYNTON, of Boston, the Receiving Teller of the North National Bank, who took $24,000 and lost it in mining speculations, cannot but arouse sympathy, while, at the same time, it teaches its own lesson of warning to others. He has done wrong, but he was beset by rogues and became involved in the meshes of circumstances that bore down upon him with peculiar hardness, and he yielded to temptation.

His first trouble came from entering into business outside of the bank. It failed, and the creditors made him understand that he was responsible for the debts of the firm. In one way and another pressure was brought to bear upon him, until he became fearful that his prospects for life were ruined, unless he could raise a certain sum of money in a given time. The sad termination was that, at his wit's end to know what to do, he took money from the bank. It was only a few hundred dollars at first, but that step taken, others were easy, and finally to retrieve himself, he went heavily into mining stocks, a crash came, and with it exposure.

The strange thing about these affairs is that speculations undertaken to cover up a wrong rarely, if ever, are successful. There seems to be a Nemesis in these matters that steps in and throws down any building whose foundation hides a crime. If this is not true, it is so often that it should operate as a warning to all who seek such ways out of financial embarrassments. In the case of young BOYNTON, the real criminals are those who persistently brought before him the possibility of this road out of his troubles. Harrassed beyond measure, with a temptation constantly facing him, it was not much wonder that he yielded and fell, and the result is a fair life probably ruined forever.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.

The report of the Bureau of Education presents for the consideration of the people many interesting facts. It points by figures that do not lie the moral that civilization prospers where education has attained the highest degree of perfection, and shows most clearly the reason for the great difference in the material prosperity of the North and the South. Those States which have made the greatest advance in everything, which come to the front at all times in the way of progress are those who have exhibited the greatest enterprise and been most liberal in their arrangement for the instruction of the common people. Compare, for instance, Connecticut that spends $1,500,000 each year for her schools, with chivalric(?) South Carolina that raises and uses something over $200,000 for the same purpose. While one goes quietly and steadily forward, increasing in wealth and her people in intelligence, the other is deteriorating rapidly, is a hot-bed of Yazooism, with her masses in a stupid ignorance and brutality that leave them ready to be led by any demagogue. It is needless to say that this is all the result of the war, for the same difference existed before that time as now.

Some figures in regard to the pay of teachers will be interesting, and in this respect only has civilization failed to produce its proper effect. Every person of average capacity for thought must acknowledge that work should be paid for according to its worth and the way it is done, and not gauged by the sex or social condition of the laborer. In this matter of education, however, sex is made to decide the sum to be given for the work accomplished, and strange to say in the States where the greatest advancement has been made in civilization, the discrepancy between the wages of the male and female teachers, is the largest. In the Bay State, for instance, an average of $76 per month is given to men, while women receive but $33. The Choctaw Indians, on their Reservation, make no difference about sex, but both male and female teachers in their schools get $26 per month.

One of the tables prepared by the Commissioner of Education is both curious and interesting. In it he compares the expenditure of different Cities for police and educational purposes, "to show" says a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* "the advance of education in the different Cities of the Union." By this it is seen that the sum used per capita for school purposes is much greater than that for the police. This is a conclusive proof of the general progress of the country.

DEADWOOD.

It has grown to be a sort of fashion to laugh about the American disposition to do much of what, in vulgar parlance, is styled "blowing." As a people we do a great deal of talking about our enterprise, our ability to grapple with and overcome difficulties, the energy and enthusiasm with which great undertakings are carried forward, and what will be accomplished in the glorious future. Sometimes, it is true, when this story told continuously it becomes monotonous, and to a foreigner unacquainted with what has been done, and unknowing the national characteristics, it may even appear ridiculous.

It is only when some sudden occasion arises that the length and breadth of the cause the nation has for boasting is really understood. Every body knows the wonderful celerity with which Chicago arose out of her ruins, and became again in a few short months, it might be said, one of the leading cities of the West. It was the world's wonder, and yet not over surprising to the people of the United States. And now comes the story of Deadwood. Considering its name, little elasticity could be expected from it, and yet destroyed in a night, it gathers itself together in the morning and goes to work again as cheerily and hopefully as if nothing unusual had happened. From two to three millions of dollars worth of property swept away, and yet there is no despair, no lack of energy, no weeping over what has occurred. Business is going on as usual, except that it is transacted in tents instead of buildings made of lumber. Mills to supply the latter article are kept running night and day. Everything and everybody is busy. Outside assistance is not asked, and it is claimed is not needed. The only thing to be thought of is the arrangements by which business can be resumed, and Deadwood be placed once more upon the high road to wealth and importance.

When such things as these happen, it is not much wonder that the people of the United States congratulate themselves upon their energy, enterprise and the determined daring that surmounts all obstacles, and are not extinguished by any misfortune.

THE DUTY OF ALL.

This is one of the occasions when the Republican who does not take an active interest in the campaign, who stays away from the polls on election day, or who is seduced into voting anything but an unscratched ticket, becomes a recreant to the dearest principles that he has ever held in esteem. If he ever believed in Republicanism; if he ever held that the principles of that party were right and should prevail, he can not be indifferent or hostile now, when those principles are menaced with a peril as great as any that ever threatened them. The party may have done wrong in a few things in the past—it may have been at times controlled by unworthy men for base ends, but these wrongs cannot be corrected, and these men punished by assisting to overthrow the party now—now, when it is the ark that contains all that is precious to freemen and Americans. It will not punish those Republicans who have been bad to raise to place men who are much worse; it will not correct past wrongs to elevate to power men who have already committed and meditate for the future worse wrongs. The bad men in the Republican party have been driven out to their natural allies among the Democrats and Nationals; the party perceives its mistakes in the past even more clearly than its enemies do, and will guard carefully against them in the future. It is a fitter instrument for reform and good government than it ever was, and the people so recognize it. Besides this the exigencies of the times imperatively demand that it shall be returned to complete power. It is the only organization that can cope with the enormous evils threatened by the supremacy of the Solid South. It alone can meet and overthrow the blood cemented league of those who are grasping for power with hot, lustful, ensanguined hands, and who, if they attain power, will use it for the most ignoble purposes. It must raise itself as a wall before the march of these men to overthrow our liberties and civil rights, and every man whose heart once responded to its appeals for defenders of those liberties and rights must feel to-day the call to array himself in the ranks of those with whom he before fought the battle of freedom, and do battle again for the same. There is no middle course for any one—the issue is made up, and the lines of battle clearly drawn. As it was in 1861-5, he who is not for us is against us. Whoever opposes governing the ballot-box with the shotgun will vote the Republican ticket; who favors controlling the election by red-handed murder will vote against the Republicans. There is nothing else to complicate the problem which presents itself to the voter's mind.

DEMANDS OF THE SOUTH.

It is hardly possible to conceive how Democrats at the North unless they are Union haters in every sense of the word, can cast their votes with the party that controls the solid South. Every wind that blows brings up the voice of treasons just as loud-mouthed, just as rampane and violent as it was before the blow was struck that brought on a bloody war. Not that there is present cause of fear that there will be another resort to arms. They can play a better card than that. With the unreasoning sympathy of the rabble that goes to make up the body of the Democratic party at the North—a sympathy aroused and directed by demagogues to use for their own ambitious purposes, they may hope to control the Government, and obtain all that they wish without further effort or trouble. This is so evident to all who watch the current of passing events that it does not seem possible that any true patriot can remain so blind to the logic of consequences.

Take, for instance, the determined raids upon the Treasury. In less than two years the South demanded the payment of $1,287,524,735. Many millions of this sum were for private claims by those who were in arms against the Government for more than four years, who did everything in their power to destroy it, and who only gave up the effort because they were whipped into submission by the loyal North. These men now, through their representatives in Congress, desire to cut the throat of the Nation in another way, and, with the help of the Democrats of the North, are succeeding.

In the New York *Tribune* of last Saturday is a list of the bills offered in Congress from March, 1878 to March, 1879. By looking over this table a clear idea can be formed of the work now going on among the Confederates who have a seat in the halls of legislation. This is what comes of the vaunted conciliation policy—that the loyal people of the North, after suffering the miseries of a terrible war, after struggling to pay the expenses entailed by this war, must now be called upon to shoulder the burden of such a sum for the benefit of traitors—to offer a premium, in fact, for disloyalty to their country. The *Tribune* says:

But even this gigantic sum, large enough of itself to bankrupt the Treasury and wreck the Nation, does not measure all the demands of the Solid South. It "takes no account of claims for the value of slaves emancipated as a war measure or under the Constitutional amendment; claims for loss or damage caused by the depredations of the troops or the casualties of the march or battle, and claims for the spoliation or damage inflicted by the Confederate authorities or forces upon loyal citizens of the South." As the *Tribune* lately showed, it is the purpose of the Confederate Democracy to strike down every barrier which keeps disloyal claimants away from the Treasury. On the calendar of each House of Congress are bills which aim to wipe out every distinction now found in the law between loyal and disloyal persons, to open the door of the Treasury as wide as may be for disloyal claimants. Not only are these bills to be pressed, but other means are being used to gain the ends of the Solid South.

It is impossible to measure the greed of the South in its demands for internal improvements, in addition to the private claims presented, for this great sum of $1,287,524,735 does not represent the blind claims made for enormous unspecified amounts yet to be brought forward. In fact there is no end to the rapacity of this people, who yet prate of States rights, and refuse to allow any freedom of election among them, using for its prevention, violence, and even murder, as the record of many months past distinctly show.

In the face of these things, how loyal men can vote the Democratic ticket it is indeed hard to see.

THE LOGIC OF FACT.

When the country was in the depth of the financial stringency and business depression which unavoidably followed the war era, serious doubts arose in the minds of many thinking men as to the wisdom of the Republican policy. That party with its right hand on the helm of the Government ship, had enunciated the policy that the best possible way to dispose of a debt was to pay it, and that the only way to avoid the evils of a fluctuating currency was to return to the unchanging foundation of specie payments. The debt-paying period is not a pleasant one, and the country was soon swarming with men who proposed every conceivable method for avoiding postponing or repudiating the country's liabilities—methods whose paths were attractive, but whose ends were death. There were honest and conscientious Republicans who listened to these special pleaders and accepted their teachings because they felt that the direct and old-fashioned way was too hard, and that possibly in some of these new channels lay the relief which they so earnestly desired. Hence these men who on all other questions have always been and still are Republicans, allied themselves with the new parties which promised them a new salvation on an easier and better plan than that to which they had been wont to pin their political faith.

There is neither time nor place to recount the history of the past three years, but we have a word to say to this class of voters. The Republican policy of establishing a stable currency and preserving the National credit at whatever cost, has been carried to a perfect consummation in one case and has saved millions of dollars to the country in the other. Whether our bonds can be refunded with economy, whether resumption can be maintained, whether it will be followed by prosperity, are all questions which have been settled by the unanswerable logic of facts. They are no longer issues in any political field. Republicans who thought their party in Congress and in the Government mistaken in 1861, know now that the mistake was not with their party, but a great deal nearer home. Their honest, careful judgment carried them out of the party, and guided by the experience of the past year, their honest, careful judgment should bring them back. Their place to-day is in the Republican ranks, with Republican ballots in their hands. The Republican party enters upon a new era of victories as the country enters upon a new era of prosperity, and it invites all its doubting and disaffected children to join its columns, and let the past be forgotten.

PAUPERISM.

Notwithstanding the study which has been given in all civilized countries to the best means of bestowing public charity, it still remains a fact that none has been found which are not open to serious objections. The great trouble is the encouragement which most of them afford to pauperism. Men and women too lazy and shiftless to toil for themselves, without pride or independence, will ready accept from a generous public the means to support life. Their children grow up with their example of sloth before them, and the probabilities are 10 to one that they, too, turn from honest labor to indolence or crime.

The history of pauperism is nearly the same in all countries. The greater the number of public and private institutions for the distribution of charity, the more rapid the increase of those who require it, and laws have been found necessary to restrict the tendency towards vagrancy. The present poor laws of England, France and Germany have been in operation for the last century with but few modifications. Those of England find many enemies, and part of her present troubles have been ascribed to their operation. Denmark offers assistance to the able bodied in the shape of a loan that must be paid for by labor.

France has fewer paupers or vagrants than any other civilized nation, and her system of charity, which is centralized under one management, is said to be the best in the world. Certain it is that in most countries there is a much larger amount of pauperism than seems necessary. In the United States there has been comparatively little until within the last few years, and the question here has become a vital one of how to prevent its spread. The different States have taken a variety of ways, but none of them seems to be entirely satisfactory.

The great thing is to produce a general understanding of the necessity of thrift and industry, and to find the best method of compelling action under this belief. Working towards that idea carefully and consistently, the nearest approach will be made to perfection in a system of public charities. So long as the world stands, however, such a system will be necessary, because though pauperism of the able bodied may diminish to almost nothing, there will always be the infirm, the sick and the deformed in mind and body to be cared for by those who are more fortunate in life.

We shall offer unheard of inducements to subscribe for the Weekly BLADE this Fall. Do not commit yourself to anyother paper till you know just what we can do for you.

Dan Voorhees's Regiment.

Cincinnati Gazette.

Sen. Voorhees inquires anxiously from stump to stump what regiment Foster belonged to during the war. Mr. Voorhees himself belonged to an Indiana regiment known as the American Knights of the Golden Circle, the object of which was to shoot Union soldiers in the back. The ritual of that patriotic order was found in the office of Hon. D. W. Voorhees at Terre Haute and seized by the military authorities in August, 1863. This man now appears to ask the Union soldiers of Ohio, whom he described in 1861 as "Lincoln dogs and hirelings," to give his party a lift. It is quite in keeping with the Democratic professions of love for the soldier.

Not Unanimous for Jeff.

Vicksburg Herald.

The Yazoo *Sentinel* says that the Vicksburg *Herald* was not pleased with a single sentence in Jefferson Davis' last letter. The *Sentinel* is mistaken. We expressed our pleasure at the sentence in which Mr. Davis said he was not a candidate for the United States Senate.

A STEP IN RIGHT SPELLING.

The New York Home Journal Accedes to the Reform.

Home Journal, September 17.

The movement to remedy the gross defects of the present system—if system is the proper term for such a chaos—of spelling the English language is making very gratifying advances, especially in the West. Chicago has for some time been a focus of discussion, and, in true Western style, it proceeds without ado to put its newly accepted principles into practice. The *Tribune* of that City has adopted some of the innovations recommended by the American Philological Association taking a sort of first step toward revolution. It now fights its old political enemy under the diminished guise of a "demigog," throws the ægis of its protection over the "pedagog," abbreviates the "decalog" to meet the requirements of a fast age, promises to extend the "catalog" of its incisions in the future, and thus takes at a step one of the highest seats in the phonetic "synagog." It compresses its proceedings into a "program," as some New York papers did several years ago. Generally the effect of the changes it has made scarcely interferes with the familiar look of old acquaintances. Our friends from Havana and Turkey are not less welcome as "cigarets," nor are blue eyes or black eyes any less fascinating as "coquets;" and certainly the world does not breathe less freely since the *Tribune* has taken up a tuck in the skirts of "etiquet." The finite remains as large as ever, but the "infinit" is diminished at one end, a thing that will please the pessimists who already take so much delight in the discovery that life is not worth living. Occasionally there is a gain in picturesqueness by these elisions. Is there not a touch of grit and of the fretful porcupine given to the treacherous pretender when his robe is clipped and he stands simply as a "hypocrit?" And equally a little lovable quality passes from the look of the old friends, the old books, the old loves, when this scythe of modern time lops off abruptly their tender farewells and bundles them off unceremoniously as ordinary "favorits." But how much more will the poets grieve when they find that the bright creatures of their thought are mere "fantoms," and that a little "fonetic" wand suffices to turn in an instant the vast pageantry of visible things into a simple "fantasmagoria." Truly the "fonetic" is a great leveller. Under his sway the wisest of mortals takes his place in the same rank with the most unwise. He is robbed of his venerable digraph, and henceforth "filosofer" becomes as simple as fool. Heretofore the line of innovation has been the reverse; and the wearer of cap and bells sought to pass among the philosophers by adopting the philosophic "digraf." But the day of the "phool" is ended.

Of the remaining changes made by the *Tribune*, one or two, it seems to us, are not well considered. The use of a double consonant to indicate a short vowel preceding is an excellent one, and is shared by English partially with other cultivated languages. It cannot be discarded advantageously until we have distinct signs for the long and the short vowel sounds. Thus in "dilemma" the short sound of *e* is clearly indicated even to a reader unfamiliar with the word. But write it "dilema" as the *Tribune* decrees, and there might be doubt whether the vowel should be long or short.

The Utica *Herald*, one of the chief papers of the State, outside of New York, and a score of other luminaries through out the country, have veered their orbits to a greater or less degree into the same path of reform. This fact, taken in connection with the authority of an imposing array of scholars and authors, who commend these changes and adopt them in their own writing goes a good way toward meeting the demand of the canon of good usage. Too far, at least for any future step backward. In the logic of events the movement must go forward. The *Home Journal* was not one of the last, as its readers are well aware, to advocate the reform of which this is a slight beginning, and it will not be behind in falling into the step now when the music begins. It adopts the principles approved above, and hereafter will consider any words spelled according thereto, in its columns, as rightly spelled. It would gladly form one of a number of high-class journals to adopt in concert still more through changes.

His New Flying-Machine.

Free Press.

An enterprising saloon keeper on Grand River avenue is always on the lookout for any novelty that may draw customers, and perhaps this fact may have been known to a bland-faced old man, who entered the place the other day and confidentially began:

"If I could draw a crowd of 100 men to your place here what sum would you be willing to give me?"

"What do you want?" asked the saloonist.

"If it was known that I had in my possession a flying machine, and that it was to fly from your door here on a certain day and hour, wouldn't the novelty be sure to collect a thirsty crowd?

"Yes, I think so. If you have a flying machine, and want to show it off here to-morrow night I'll give you $1, and if the machine is a success perhaps I'll buy it.

"Well, sir, continued the old man, in a whisper, "I've got the boss! She flies from the word go! All I've got to do is to toss her into the air, and away she sails. It's right down fine and no chance for failure, and I'll be on hand at 7 o'clock to-morrow night."

The matter became noised about, and next day there were 50 or 60 people in and around the saloon to witness the experiment. The old man arrived on time, having some sort of a bundle under his arm, and he collected his dollar of the saloonist and secured several "treats" from the crowd. When everything was finally ready he stood on the walk clear of the spectators and said:

"Gentleman, I warrant this thing to fly. I didn't invent it myself; but I am now acting as State agent to dispose of county rights. Hundreds of men have spent years of anxious thought and thousands of dollars in seeking to invent flying machines, but this one leads them all. She will now fly. Please stand back and give her a chance to rise."

The crowd fell back and the man let fall the cover, hiding his bundle, and gave an old speckled hen a toss into the air. She uttered a dismal squawk, sailed this way and that, and finally bumped against a telegraph post and settled down on the roof of a low shed, cackling in an indignant manner at being turned loose in a strange neighborhood. It was a full minute before the crowd was sure that it was a hen, and during that minute the old man is supposed to have run a distance of seven blocks. A few tried to overhaul him, but it was no use.

One Trouble at a Time.

Binghampton Republican.

Yesterday afternoon one of the delegates to the Freewill Baptist Convention seated himself in front of the Spaulding House and addressed a handsome clerk who stood in the doorway.

"My friend, where do they talk of putting up a new depot?"

Clerk—"Right out there where the old man is."

Baptist Brother—"But it will shut off your sky view, my friend, if they put up a two or three story building there."

Clerk—"Yes, but we don't mind that, we are worrying here more about the judgment day."

Baptist Brother—"The judgment day. My friend, you speak in enigmas. Why are you worrying now about the judgment day?"

Clerk—"Because we only worry about one thing at a time, and it's the first one to come that bothers us."

The brother smiled as though a frosh idea had dawned upon him.

"Tears come into my eyes," writes Talmage in a late letter to one of his parishioners, "as I think of the good time we shall have this winter." The public at large, as they realize that he will be at it again in Brooklyn at that time, may not find tears come into their eyes, but we beg leave to assure Talmage that they feel awful sorry in view of it, for all that.—*N. Y. World.*

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CLASS I.

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FILLING UP THE CHINKS, a Juvenile Story, by Miss. Mrs. George

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

The Fashions—Shirred Waists—Puffed Petticoats—Hints for Dresses.

Correspondence of Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10

It is a pleasure to be able to speak of fall dress as really tasteful and suitable as they are this fall. For the improvement visible season after season in women's dress, we may thank the interest which art has lately taken in matters of dress and personal belongings. To the taste of artists and cultivated women on the stage and in society we owe the modest picturesque bonnets which Wisconsin girls wear, and the short directory dress which women of the Lake Cities will soon find convenient for their morning strolls. I wish that communication were so swift that the best fashions of New York openings could at once be seen in the interior so that the improvement in taste and fitness might benefit town and country at once.

OLD FASHIONS RENEWED.

The fashions of the early part of the century are studied for styles that have the piquancy of old interest. The old miniatures and the early fashion plates of Godey and Graham's Magazine's come walking forth to meet us from the show-rooms of to-day. You remember the old waists with rounded point and a hand-breadth of shirring on the point? That fashion, with the scarf trimming round the neck and down the front caught in clusters of shirring is seen in the handsome black silk dresses from French makers. It is a style which ladies who can remember anything of 1856 will like for its quaintness and the memories it revives.

PEAKED WAISTS AND STOMACHERS.

The sharp pointed corsages have been worn for evening dress a long time, but the newest basques have the pointed stomacher of brocade in place of the vest. Among the choice fashions which the late openings have brought out in sumptuous materials is the large postilion basque with deep pompadour square filled with wide puffs of lace and worn with a rich chemisette for carriage wear. The Raphael basque always beautiful, and specially becoming to full figures, is open to the waist, with a stomacher of contrasting material, the large square of the throat filled with a chemisette of tulle and rich lace, across which the basque fastens by two straps, like that in Raphael's picture of La Fornarina, the full chested beauty.

THE CREAM OF THE OPENINGS.

Returning prosperity is signalized by richer dress than has perhaps ever been known in the city. Nothing is too luxurious for the artistic and courtly mode of dress followed abroad, of which the importers have discreetly brought home specimens to tempt their complimented countrywomen. Such brilliant dresses, so much taste and so much art have not mingled in the costumes of a dozen seasons. After being, so to speak, immersed in attendance on the openings for three weeks, I collect the most favorable impressions, to give you a taste of splendor.

A LOVELY WALKING DRESS.

A walking costume, *en princesse*, shown at Stern Brothers, who are leading everything in the way of elegance and perfect taste, is of seal brown plush, in clever imitation of an entire dress of fur. The large English basque, open throated, with magnificent lace frills and cravat is held by one button over a vest of finely pleated brown satin, and the front of the skirt has a similar pleating the full length. No overskirt is worn, but the back drapery is simply caught up, and the square breadth, open at the hem to show a fan pleating of brown satin a smaller one of which is let into the postilion. A novelty in trimming appears on the back of the neck, where the plush is cut away in V shape, and laced with satin folds across the lining of brown satin. The collar and cuffs are very small. It is a delightful costume for Winter, and suggests a lady walking about dressed in fur, which no one but a Russian Princess could afford to do. Perhaps a bonanza princess should be brought into comparison, but that sort of person always seems to belong to a demi-monde, not to be mentioned by people of good understanding, and as far below the levels of good society as the mines from which its title is drawn. All that bonanza, ranche, cattle and grain kingdom seem like a set of upper servants of community at large, who like flunkeys at high wages, find nothing more to their minds than to eat and drink, and ape the habits of their betters. It is curious, by the way, one hears of bonanza queens everywhere in Paris, at opera and salon and grand charity fairs, but they never seem to belong to the scene any more than the Khedive with any of his train that happens to be about. You never hear about the people. Only their dresses or their dinners.

THE DIRECTORY DRESS.

The quaint but comfortable style worn by women of the directory in the days when Napoleon was first Consul is one of the new styles from a Paris maker of repute. The half-masculine dress is both service and convenient, the front that of a gentleman's dress coat of the time, short and square waisted, with prodigious lapels and high collar, the square skirts falling straight from the hips over a plain petticoat of figured velvet, the back drapery gathered in a cluster of shirrings below the tournure, and looped like that of any street dress. The broad collar and the small cuffs are of velvet to correspond with the petticoat, and a loose girdle of pleated satin around the hips has an old-fashioned netted satin-lined bag at one end of one of the streamers. You have no idea how absurdly pretty the costume is in the very dark blue or claret cloths fashionable, over a figured velvet to suit, the stiff grotesque collar softened by the profuse lace frill and the wide lace cravat which fashion prescribes. It will be just as convenient in thick cashmere and tibet cloth, once more a fashionable material, over one of the wood brocades which follow the effects of richer fabrics. At less expense it will surely be a popular dress, because it takes a certain style in the wearer to carry it gracefully. A face and figure at all refined look remarkably well but one of the emaciated little society girls or one of the robust young lady bouncers who are found in equal quantity among the class who can afford to dress, would become a perfect fright.

PUFFED PETTICOAT.

Overskirts in full are seldom worn, but in place of them the back of the skirt has a loose drapery, and the plain side breadths are sewed to a front which imitates the old-fashioned petticoat formerly such an important part of full dress. This front may be quite narrow, of fine, half-inch pleatings of silk or satin from band to hem, or a good width of stamped velvet or to cade, or the satin petticoat, drawn in small puffs its whole length and finished with a narrow pleating at the foot. All flounces for the hem of skirts are very narrow, two inches of box pleating with a with a three-inch knife pleating above it, being usually worn.

SIMPLE DRESS.

In the license allowed each one to select pretty nearly what style suits her, some very simple and good models appear. A ladylike dress, quite enough for a minister's wife who thinks she must dress for the profession, is of thick cashmere in dark cloth colors, the front in long folds of cloth or silk, if of cloth, with a five inch band of bias silk stitched down the center, the plain hanging sidewidths finished by machine stitching in close rows, the back also stitched and draped in two or three folds. The waist may be in one with the skirt, a French waist with wide belt or silk folds, a pleated blouse with yoke and belt, or basque, about 27 inches long in front with ample postilion and pleated vest! very small standing collars of cloth or velvet are seen on some of the newest dresses, three-inch rolling colars meeting in a point on the bosom on others. In the latter style, the basque is open throated and is held by a single strap and a button across the bosom, over a high satin vest.

REMODELING DRESSES.

The new models lend themselves very kindly to the work of refashioning old dresses. The fine pleatings dispose of worn silk, which may be carefully folded to show the bright parts, and do good service if mounted on a firm lining. The small collars and cuffs of cloth slashed and bound with a morsel of silk, or satin, are stylish, and the little cuffs are not more than three inches deep, close at the wrist and finished with a bound loop or two, or loops of narrow ribbon at the back of the sleeve. A worn jacket may be turned into a cutaway basque, the edges finished in five rows of stitching, while the front of a silk waist past mending at armholes and under the arms and on the dart seams, furnishes the buttoned vest of which only the buttons and two inches on either side are visible. The French back with side forms from the armhole, is again seen on the newest dresses, and will bring many a disused dress again into wear. The pretty Raphael sleeve, a close coat sleeve with the upper side cut in points meeting over a lining of other material, will suggest a metamorphose of odd bits of silk and a half worn sleeve, by taking the upper good part for the underside, and making the points of new bits, binding them with satin and lining with silk from a worn party dress. Clever girls would be delighted to learn the devices which many a woman of fashion adopts from her dressmaker, justly valuing her brocades and velvets too highly to throw them by while a scrap remains of use.

OLD GOWNS.

A woman and a stranger wrote me lately saying she knew there must be many rich women who had dresses to throw aside which would be of use to her to make over, and offering, if I had any such among my acquaintance, to pay for such things in any way she could, by pressing ferns, gathering mosses etc. Pressed ferns and mosses do not have the value in town which they seem to in many places, persons who care for such things, having plenty of leisure to gather for themselves. As far as my experience goes, the women who dress most liberally, take more care and are more economical of their clothes than any other class. I have recognized a costume which cost at first $250, five years afterward made in fresh fashion and worn by a lady who spends thousands a year on her dress, and I have no doubt it finally went to one of the children in the nursery. As a rule, those best off are most saving, though perhaps that is the reason they are so well off, and have things to save. All my own personal economies, in which I take no small pride, as being making a dollar or scrap of material go as far as creation intended it, were learned from the example of the richest and most cultivated people whom I have met. Economy is a fine art, if rightly understood, the miracle of the five loaves and seven baskets over again, of the flower springing from the spoonful of soil on the ledge of rock, the ivy luxuriant over a ruined trunk. It is sparing in unnecessaries to spend right handsomely for essentials, and intelligence sees even fashion coming to its aid. SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Ohio Election—State Sovereignty—"Southern Rights"—The Breaking Up of the Solid South—Langston and the Exodus—Conkling.

Correspondence of the Blade.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.

The whole country is holding its breath in keen suspense, waiting for the result of the Ohio election. Meantime the auguries are all favorable. The Iowa elections in Connecticut follow California and Maine, and Colorado brings not a grain of comfort to the frightened Democracy. They have fearful glimpses of the "hand writing on the wall," and if only Ohio does her whole duty they will see, as never before, the folly of their enormous crimes against society, perpetrated in the interest of the solid South. But, let us not anticipate the result.

The Southern doctrine of State sovereignty was hatched in the interest of slavery, but it is perpetuated because it is necessary to keep the South solid and to keep alive sectional strife as a policy for gaining power. Gen. Sherman and some others have had the idea tast this serpent got its head mashed by the war, but if so, its deadly wound has been healed, for it is as lively now as at any time prior to that event. You may remember Sherman's letter to Halleck, written soon after the battle of Vicksburg (July 17, 1863.) In it he says:

"Half our territorial Nation rebelled on a doctrine of secession that they themselves now scout, and a real numerical majority believe *that a little State was enslaved with such sovereignty that it would defeat the policy of the great whole.* I think that the present war has exploded that notion; and, were this war to cease now, the experience gained, though dear, would be worth the expense."

The estimate which the General puts on this infamous doctrine may be inferred from the price which we paid for its supposed destruction: which, great as it was, he still regards as cheap. But, unfortunately, we paid it without obtaining a surrender of the goods; and the old question, fought out by the war, must be fought over again at the polls. But, while our Congress of Confederate Brigadiers, immediately on their return to power reasserted this doctrine, and now boldly declare that they do not mean to pause till all our war measures are "wiped out," it must be remembered that the wiping out process did not have a large measure of success. This is, after all, considerable evidence that *this is a nation*, and if Ohio stands by it on Tuesday as bravely as she did during the war we believe that our nationality will be preserved.

We have all heard a great deal about *Southern rights*. What were those rights? The right of the strong to oppress the weak; the right of a little State to defy the Constitution of its own choice; the right to overturn the Government; the right to repudiate honest debts. These are the rights for which the people of the South fought and bled and in which they still boast themselves. At Romney, in West Virginia, is a marble shaft erected by the women of the County (Hampshire) to commemorate the virtues of 18 men who "fell in defence of *Southern rights*." It bears this inscription:

"The daughters of Old Hampshire erect this tribute of affection to her heroic sons who fell in defence of Southern rights."

Southern rights! State sovereignty! What a mockery of words! But they stalk boldly into Congress with the reconstructed Confederate Brigadiers, and whatever war measures are adverse to them must be "wiped out." Will Ohio vote for that on Tuesday? I think not.

All that I wrote lately in relation to the breaking up of the solid South into factions and opposing parties, is evidently to be realized, and the breaking up process will be largely aided by strong Republican majorities this fall in the Northern States. But the politicians of the South will be able to hold their people together till after the Presidential election. The solid South has been engineered to carry off the President, and it is too late now to change a policy which has cost the South so much in blood, integrity and honor. The plan was to unite the rebellious solid South with the refuse of the great Cities in the North, and by the help of the omnipotent barrel, the machinery of stuffed ballot-boxes, and other "moral forces" work out a great "reform."

Minister Langston is here from Hayti and addressed our citizens on Tuesday night in relation to the exodus. Lincoln Hall was crowded, and Editor Clapp who was in the chair, brought down the house in a storm of applause by referring to the man who had received more honors in Europe than any of its crowned heads. Mr. Langston's speech was strongly in favor of helping on the emigration. He referred to the more distinguished of his race and maintained that they could not have achieved their distinction without leaving the surroundings of their birth place. Emigration was not only necessary to relieve his people from oppression, but to give them the stimulous of enterprise. He closed with the following quotation:

"I have surely seen the afflictions of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their task masters: for I know their sorrows and have come down to deliver them out of the hands of the Egyptians and to bring them up out of that land into a good land and a large—a land flowing with milk and honey."

It was not difficult to see the parallel, and his large audience gave him a closing round of applause. You have probably noticed that Mr Conkling in his masterly speech in Brooklyn referred to the exodus in his own peculiar way. He was telling his congregation that the North owed no ill will to the South. On the other hand we had dealt with them magnanimously after the war, and their prosperity was necessary to our own. We have voted large sums to protect the banks of the Mississippi and to help the navigation of other Southern rivers, and had poured out our treasures to help its suffering citizens when stricken by pestilence. But, he added, "the North does not want the South to commit murder or suicide. It does not want the South *to repel immigration, or to drive out its labor*, nor to harvest weeds and mildew."

Mr. Conkling referred to the conciliatory course of the President towards the South, and then asked how this extraordinary confidence and concession was received and repaid. He answered: "Murder has gone unpunished and unabated: Oppression has eclipsed the barbarity and ferocity of slave holding days: elections have been a farce: life and property have been the spoil of night-riders and unpunished desperadoes; tissue ballots and shot guns have decided elections; the *blacks by thousands have fled in terror from the homes of their childhood and the graves of their murdered dead*: and all this, he goes on to say, is not done from love of cruelty, but as a policy, to secure a solid South, and through it to seize on the government.

There is one other point in this compact and telling speech which should be noticed now, on the eve of your election. I refer to his characterization of the Southern doctrine of State Rights. It was this, he said—

That brought on the war with Mexico:
That brought on the war of the Rebellion:
That threw down the Missouri Compromise;
That gave us the Dred Scott decision;
That undertook to force slavery into Kansas;
That hunted slaves with bull-dogs, artillery and dragoons;
That disposed Legislatures with the army;
That murdered Lincoln;
That now maims and murders national officers;
That put its knife at the throat of the Nation;
And then, when that failed, sought to starve it to death by withholding appropriations.

That States have rights—clearly defined and undoubted—no one need deny: but when, under the plea of States Rights, the National Government is coolly warned off, and its officers assaulted and murdered, it is time to call a halt. Let Ohio speak out as she did during our great war, when State sovereignty plumed itself into rebellion, and all will be well. BUCKEYE.

Butter-Making in July and August.

Butter-making can be carried on in hot weather as successfully as in June by using the Gilt-Edge Butter Maker. It reduces time of churning one-half. Increases production 6 to 10 per cent. Storekeepers pay three to five cents a pound extra for butter made with it. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

OTSEGO DAIRY, }
SUSQUEHANNA VALLEY, N. Y., May 28, 1879. }

Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN—Please accept a sample of butter made from "hay-fed" cows and with the use of your Gilt-Edged Butter Maker. Without its use the butter made was almost as white as lard, while with its use (as you will observe from the sample you send) the butter is of a very beautiful, even golden color, leaving nothing to be desired in that direction. Several of my neighbor dairy farmers have tried your powder and are loud in its praise. It passes in market as "creamery butter," and is worth from three to five cents per pound more than dairy butter. H. C. BRYANT.

"You Don't Know Their Value."

"They cured me of ague, biliousness and kidney complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, whom the doctors and neighbors said could not be cured. I am confident I should have lost both of them one night if I had not had the Hop Bitters in my house to use. I found they did them so much good I continued with them, and they are now well. That is all I can say, but you do not know the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them highly enough."—B., Rochester, N. Y.

The Fortunate Trust of a Lawyer, who Promptly Collects a $10,000 Prize which Cost his Client $2.

David D. Terry, the well known lawyer, at No. 8 John street, New York City, was asked if he had not held ticket No. 31,913, which drew the second capital prize of $10,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery Company's drawing, on September 9, and said:

"Yes; I held whole ticket No. 31,913 in trust for a client. It cost $2 at the office of M. A. Dauphin, 319 Broadway, New York. I forwarded it through Adams Express for collection, and received $10,000 in cash, without deduction. I would rather not tell the name of the fortunate possessor of the money, since it would be a breach of confidence, and the principal object of collecting the ticket in my name would be defeated."

The reporter did not pursue his investigation further, as he was assured by the representatives of the company that the Louisiana State Lottery never desires to reveal the identity of any of its patrons without their authority.—*New York World, Sept. 25, 1879.*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

To Suffering Woman!

Dr. Livingston's Abdominal Support, a sure cure for anteversion, retroversion, retroflexion and prolapsus. Send for illustrated descriptive circulars on uterine diseases and complications. The only comfortable and effective support ever designed for these diseases. Obviates all difficulties and dispenses with all private examinations. Address Dr. C. E. LIVINGSTON, 215 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio.

TEN DOLLARS to $100 invested in Wall Street Stocks makes fortunes every month. Send for pamphlet explaining everything. SIMPSON & Co., 49 Exchange Place, New York.

MULTITUDES of people require an alterative to restore the healthy action of their system and correct the derangements that creep into it. Ayers' Sarsaparilla tones and vitalizes the blood, and restores the vigor of health.

THE ATTEMPT TO KILL MR. NIX.

An Interesting Report to the Government by a Committee of Special Agents—the Tribune's Account of the Matter Verified.

By Telegraph to the N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—The report of Special Agents Long, Redmond and Frey, who were sent by the Postmaster General to investigate the recent attempt to shoot the Postmaster at Blackville, S. C., was received this morning. It fully confirms the original report of the affair, published in the *Tribune*, and is valuable for the glimpse which it gives of the condition of public sentiment in one Southern community. The report embodies the results of an investigation to which several days were devoted by three cool, clear headed Government officials, two of whom, it may be stated, were born and bred in the South; and it may be generally accepted as an impartial and trustworthy showing of the events and circumstances of which it treats.

The report, which is written by Special Agent Frey, states that before the reign of terror in the South began, Nix was popular and influential in his County, and on two occasions received public testimonials from the ladies. When the reign of terror began, the agent says, "Nix, not being the man to desert the camp in time of danger, stood by his colors in a simple, frank and manly manner." After describing the incident of the attempt to assassinate Nix in the Postoffice, Official Agent Frey says:

From all the facts and attendant circumstances of the case, it would appear that the shooting was the result of a well understood arrangement to murder an officer of the United States Government simply because of his color as well as his politics, which were objectionable to most of the leading spirits of that community. Since his appointment Nix has proven himself fully competent, and has shown a commendable fidelity to his duties, and has displayed more than ordinary judgment in the selection of an assistant, who, it is generally conceded, is an efficient and courteous official. A bitterness of partisan feeling has been fomented by intolerant spirits, not only against Nix, but against all other leading colored Republicans in the County; and it was this feeling, this deep rooted prejudice, that led Williams, either with or without the connivance and assistance of others, to murder Nix simply to get rid of him.

On the day of the shooting Williams was generously plied with liquor, and was seen frequently engaged in private and mysterious conversation with little knots of two or three men, but more frequently with a lawyer of the town named James Thompson, who, it is claimed, holds a high position socially and at the bar, and who, only about a week previous, was discovered by the postmaster writing on the slide of his delivery window the following friendly piece of advice: "You had better get out of this office. London Brown, Captain of the K. K. K." When asked by the postmaster what he meant by it he alleged that he wrote it in a spirit of genuine fun that it meant nothing, and was only intended as a joke, etc. This man Thompson immediately preceded Williams to the Post Office, and from his manner and critical examination of Nix's person, the Postmaster is satisfied that he had knowledge of the affair, and undoubtedly visited the office to try and ascertain if possible whether Nix was armed. When the shooting occurred Thompson was seated directly in front of the office, engaged in conversation with another party. When Williams made his appearance Thompson hastily inquired if both shots had been fired simultaneously, while the man he was talking to afterward acknowledged that he clearly recognized the pause between the shots and that it was at least 10 seconds, if not more.

Subsequent to the shooting, Williams rode up and down the street in front of the postoffice, pistol in hand, in a highly demonstrative and threatening manner, and on one occasion, seeing Nix standing in the doorway of the postoffice, rode up to him, and flourishing his pistol, said: "I—n you, we have sworn that you never should be postmaster here;" and this was witnessed by the Marshal of the town. It is a singular, but remarkable fact that with two or more newspapers in the County, neither of them has taken any notice of or made any comment whatever on the affair; and strange, too, that no action was taken by the Grand Jury of the County Court, which was in session at the time of the shooting; and no effort of any character appears to have been made to apprehend Williams, who lives within a short distance of town.

Missouri Express Robbery.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—But few additional particulars regarding the Missouri tram robbery have been received at the general office of the Chicago & Alton road in the city. It is now believed that the loss by the robbery will not exceed $6,000. The plundered train arrived in Chicago about 5 o'clock this afternoon, being several hours behind time. W. K. Grimes, the express messenger, made the following statement to an interviewer:

About 8 o'clock last evening, as our train approached Glenacloro, we noticed that the green light which is used as a telegraph signal had been extinguished. The engineer did not intend to stop the train, but found that its progress was impeded by an obstruction in the shape of ties and rocks which had been placed upon the track, and he was unable to pull ahead. We heard some one on the outside of the car say: "Let us go in and see that express messenger." They got into the wrong car, and asked the baggageman where the gold was. He told them that wasn't the express car—that the express car was the next car ahead. The captain of the gang then ordered the baggageman to get down and uncouple the engine. He told them that he didn't have the tools, and couldn't do it.

They then came to the express car and knocked the panel of the door in with a coal pick which they found in the tender of the engine. Only two men came into the car, and one of them said to me: "You ——, where's the gold?" I told him we had no gold, and that they had made a grand mistake. Then the other man said: "You —— —— open the safe and give us the money." Both men covered me with their revolvers, and I asked them if they wanted the keys. The answer was, 'Not by a d——d sight; open it yourself.' Well, I opened the safe. They took all the money that was in it, and an old double-barreled gun which stood in the corner of the car. Then I was asked to open the packing chest. As I stooped down to unlock it I was struck on the head with the butt end of a revolver, and a slight scalp wound was inflicted. After ransacking the car they left, and we heard three cheers given as the gang reached the woods. We found that the station had been gutted, and that the men had compelled the operator to send a telegram to Kansas City, telling them of the robbery. One of the men who came into my car was a small man, very good looking, with dark hair and mousiache, and was dressed in a dark suit. The other was larger, and was dressed in grey throughout. I should judge there were about 15 men in the party. After the excitement had subsided we removed the obstructions and went on.

Mr. Grimes has been in the employ of the company about 14 years, and has served seven years in the capacity of messenger. He has never been attacked in such a manner before.

The following dispatch is the one referred to by the messenger as having been sent to Kansas City by the robbers:

BLUE SPRINGS, Mo., Oct. 8.—We are the boys that are hard to handle, and we'll make it hot for the party that ever tries to take us.

JACK BISHOP, JIM CONNORS,
JAMES BROTHERS, COL. CARTER,
UNDERWOOD, JACKSON.

A Lull in Shooting Independents.

Detroit Post and Tribune.

By the Mississippi game laws it will not be lawful to shoot Republicans or Independents after the Tuesday after the first Monday in November—unless the sportsman is entirely out of meat—until the Democratic gunning season re-opens next Summer.

...and is Very Received.

VANCOUVER [illegible]ABER.—The "St. Paul" arrived at every town on the river Gen. Grant was cheered by the assembled crowds. A salute of 21 guns was fired at the dock. The 21st regiment band played 'See the Conquering Hero Comes." All the troops and the whole population of Vancouver gathered at the dock on the "St. Paul's" arrival, Two hundred citizens bore torches.

At 6:35 Gen. Grant came on the dock and was introduced by Gen. Howard to the officers of the post to Mayor Sohns, who said, "I had the pleasure of landing with you here 27 years ago."

Gen. Grant taking the arm of Gen Morrow walked to the end of the dock where the soldiers greeted him with cheers. The party then took carriages for Gen. Howard's residence preceeded by the band and soldiers. Gen. Howard's residence, company barracks and the House of Providence were brilliantly illuminated. Bonfires blazed on Main street and flags were stretched across the street at various points. Shortly after the Grant party arrived at Howard's residence, Gov. E. P. Ferry, Sec. N. H. Owings, Surveyor-General Wm. M. McMeekin, Auditor Q. M. Reed, Maj. J. F. Hogden, Judge John P. Hoge, Hon. F. H. Cook, President of Council, Hon. Geo. H. Steward, Speaker of the House and 30 members of the Legislature entered the house in a body, and took places in the east parlor. Gov. Perry addressed Gen. Grant, presenting a unanimous resolution of the Council and House of Representatives, inviting him to visit all portions of the Territory, particularly Olympia. He referred to the large quantities of grain awaiting transportation, on account of inadequate means, and called attention to the Government's duty in removing obstructions to navigation to the seaboard. The General responded briefly, returning thanks for the invitation, and expressed regret that engagements East would hasten his departure.

HOSTILE UTES RETIRING.

Gen. Merritt to go to the Agency to Ascertain the Condition of Things.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Sec. Schurz immediately upon receiving the dispatch stating that the hostile Utes had retired through the influence of Curay, called at the War Deparement and consulted with Gen. Sherman on the subject. The latter at once sent the following telegram to Gen. Sheridan:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY UNITED STATES, }
Washington, Oct. 13. }

To Gen. P. Sheridan, Commanding Division etc.

The Hinnorable Secretary of the Interior has this morning called with a dispatch the telegram conveying propositions for peace, wich is communicated for your information, and which should go for what it is worth.

To Gens. Crook and Merritt:

The latter on the spot can tell if the hostiles have ceased fighting. If so, Gen. Merritt should go in every event to the Agency to ascertain the actual condition of facts. All Indians who oppose must be cleared out of the way, if they resist. If they surrender their arms and ponies they should be held as prisoners to be disposed of by superior orders. The Secretary of the Interior will send a special agent at once to Ouray, who is believed to be honest and our friend. He may prevent the Southern Utes from being involved, and the Interior Department can befriend him afterwards by showing favor to some of his special friends. But the murderers of the agent and employes must be punished, as also those who fought and killed Maj. Thornburgh and his men. Please acknowledge receipt.

W. T. SHERMAN, General.

THE UTE FIGHT.

Father Meeker Surely Killed.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—The following was received at Denver by Gov. Pitkin to day:

LAKE CITY, Col., Oct. 10.

To Gov. Pitkin:

The following reliable news from the Los Pinas agency: Saparaneiro, one of the most reliable sub-chiefs who was sent by Ouray to the White Pine agency, after the news of the fight had been received by Ouray, returned from Milk River yesterday at 11 o'clock. He reports that he saw the white men and children at White River agency in charge of Chief Douglas; also one of the employees who was present when the Indians made the attack upon the agency. This man killed one Indian and wounded another. Saparaneiro thinks three or four more employes are also alive, as their tracks were seen around the agency buildings, and they may have fled to the woods. Father Meeker was killed. The report as given in the papers, that Saparaneiro and Shavano took part in the fight, is untrue, and it is also not sure that Chief Douglas led the White River Utes. Ouray thinks that Jack, a White River Ute, commanded the Indians in the charge on Thornburgh's command. LENDEN.

BLAINE IN IOWA.

He is Received With the Greatest Enthusiasm.

DUBUQUE, Oct. 11.—Sen. Blaine left this morning for Independence, accompanied by several hundred people. At every station he was called out by the enthusiastic people and compelled to make his bow. At Farley he was welcomed by a salute of 38 guns. At Manchester he was introduced to the crowd while the air was loaded with cheers. At Independence he was greeted by 5,000 people and escorted to his hotel by the Independence Cavalry Company and Jesup Light Guards, followed by a procession of carriages interspersed with six bands of music. The streets were decked out in the gayest colors, while the sidewalks were lined with people. The meeting was held in the Court House Park, and over 20,000 people listened to the man of Maine. In the evening a grand torchlight procession took place.

Taffy.

Boston Transcript.

If a man, a comparative stranger, should meet you in the street, or call at your residence, and incontinently begin to tell you what a fine looking, intelligent gentleman you were, you would call him a fool and shake him of at the word "go," or you would consider yourself a fool for listening to his "praise to the face," which tradition tells us is "open disgrace." But be you one of an assembly that is given taffy *ad nauseam*, and you will clap your hands till they tingle again and hallloo till you are hoarse. How do you account for this?

COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION COMPANY.

Next Popular Drawing at Macauley's Theater, in the City of Louisville, October 30th.

The 15th popular drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Co. is near at hand—the same brilliant scheme, and the same unexceptional manner of drawing—the fairest in the world. Tickets only $5, and all orders or communications on other subjects should be addressed to T. J. COMMERFORD, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or same person at No. 165 Broadway, New York.

The American Book Exchange.

The work of supplying good books at reduced prices is one which ought to be commended. The American Book Exchange, of New York, whose advertisement is given elsewhere, is doing a work of this kind, and will no doubt find many patrons among the intelligent, reading public of the country. The Exchange offers a number of standard works by the best authors at figures very much below the regular prices, and by dealing direct with the reader does away with the commission charged by the retail dealer. The books offered by the Exchange are all of a good class, and at these reduced rates are placed within the reach of every man who has a little money to spend in the best of all methods of self-improvement. Read the announcement elsewhere.

HEARING RESTORED.—Particulars free. Address VERRY & HARPER, Madison, Ind.

Horrible Outrage in Texas.

BONHAM, North Texas, Oct. 13.—Fannin County has been disgraced by one of the most atrocious and unprovoked outrages and assassinations of this year. The following are the particulars: A negro family, consisting of an old negress, named Esther, her son, a young boy, a girl, and other children, rented, worked and occupied a cabin on the farm of John Aldridge, four miles from Orangeville, in this County. The day before the murder George Aldridge accused Charley, Esther's son, with stealing, when Charley and two other negros attempted an assault on Aldridge, but were prevented by two white men.

At midnight old Esther's house was surrounded by a party of armed and masked men with handkerchiefs tied over their faces. They called for Charley but were refused admittance, when the maskers fired into the house, wounding Esther's daughter in the forehead. Charles Justice, another negro who lived with the family, returned the fire, hitting one of the maskers in the stomach, and wounding him mortally. His name afterward turned out to be Samuel Gitley. He died shortly afterward. The maskers then became furious, and went to breaking down the door, when Justice escaped by climbing through a hole in the roof. John Washington, another freedman, and two boys escaped in the dark.

The masked men then forced old Esther and her children to come out. The murderous devils then debated the mode of death, hanging or shooting. The latter was chosen. The crowd then fired on Charley, five bullets entering his back and instantly killing him. His mother ran, but fell to the ground dead, her heart and breast being completely riddled with balls. Geo. Aldridge and Thomas Fullerton were arrested charged with being members of the party, and were jailed here in default of $2,000 bail. The little girl will hardly recover. The ball is lodged under her skull.

Awful Results of That Walk.

New York World.

Rowell—Well, I won because, so far from fearing punishment, I enjoy being belted.

No. 2—Well, I lost because muscle does not always go with Merritt.

No. 3—Well, I lost because my Hazel eyes couldn't keep open a week at a time.

No. 4—Well, I lost because my heels weren't as good as my Hart.

No. 5—Well, I lost because the crowd kept Guyon me.

No. 6—Well, I lost because the East is no place for a Weston man.

No. 7—Well, I lost because I was Enniscent enough to think I could cone in first.

No. 8—Well, I lost because I had Khrone tired before the race was half over.

No. 9—Well, I lost because this Taylor's goose was cooked from the start.

Chinese Physiology.

Dr. Cog Fy, a Chinese physician, of San Francisco, at a recent inquest in the case of a Chinaman, was asked, "How many lungs has a man?" He replied: "Seven." Dr. Cog Fy further stated that there are five holes in the human heart, and that the function of the heart is "to catch air."

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine. IF THESE WARNINGS ARE DISREGARDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

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The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

A Talk About Babies.

I see quite plainly that I shall have to look after the babies a little, and I would ask no pleasanter task. I take to babies as naturally as ducks take to water, and am not ashamed to confess that I would rather "tend baby" than vote. Of course a do not pretend to say that a woman cannot do both, but if I had to give up the baby in order to vote, I would hire a substitute to do my voting; baby should no be neglected.

But I did not intend to write a lecture on woman's rights, only so far as they are mixed up with the babies' rights, so I will let the voting question alone.

I hate to see babies abused. I don't remember when I have felt so sorry for a baby as I did the other day for a little helpless mite of humanity that I met on the cars. The mercury was away up among the nineties, and baby's mother looked fresh and cool in her linen duster, but baby was smothered under a load of wonderfully tucked and puffed skirts, a dress heavy and showy with embroidery, a cunning little knit sacque, a cloak fairly covered with silk embroidery, and on top of that, to protect it, I presume, an elaborately worked bib, while its head was covered with a mass of ribbon and and lace, called a cap. Baby fretted and squirmed, dug its little fat fists into its eyes and cried, while baby's mother trotted it and wondered what made baby "so cross."

Why is it that mothers who dress their children quite sensibly at home, will "pile on the agony" at such a rate when they go from home? Can it be possible that the desire to show off baby's good clothes overmasters their good sense? If you must show the baby's fine clothes all at once, take them along in a basket and spread them out for inspection, but for pity's sake do not compel baby to carry them on his back in warm weather; he will be quite certain to resent such treatment, very much to your discomfort and the annoyance of others.

While traveling West three years ago I met a young mother traveling with two children, one a girl of some three years, the other a babe of six months; and I would like to hold up that mother's style of dressing children for a journey, as a model for all mothers who travel with young children during warm weather. The little girl had on a flannel shirt, a gored dress of unbleached linen, trimmed with white braid, panties of same material as the dress trimmed with white braid, and buttoned to a cotton waist; brown and white stockings, dainty buttoned boots, and a sailor hat of brown straw trimmed with blue ribbon completed a sensible and serviceable costume.

Now what do you suppose that six-month old baby had on? Just a flannel shirt, dinner panties, a short slip of unbleached linen trimmed with white braid, white stockings and slippers of soft buff kid, while on the rack overhead, beside the sailor hat, reposed the daintiest little white sun bonnet ever fashioned by the deft fingers of a loving mother. Folded in her shawl strap the mother had flannel capes for the children at night "and," said this wise little woman, "I put a couple of flannel skirts in my bag so as to have them handy if the children should need them." Those children were cool and comfortable, and good natured because they were comfortable. Throughout the two days and nights that we journeyed together they were perfect marvels of goodness; as a fellow passenger afterwards remarked, "I more than half expected to see them develop wings and take flight for their native skies."

I would advise "W" and all young mothers, to keep flannel skirts on their babies all Summer. Make the garment quite loose, with short sleeves, and long enough to cover the abdomen. The flannel need not be heavy; there is a kind made especially for summer wear, but if you cannot obtain that, get the lightest, softest white flannel that you can find.

Do not allow children to sleep in the same under-garment worn during the day. At night undress them, bathe with tepid water, put on the flannel night-shirt and cotton night-dress, and hang up the garments worn during the day that they may be thoroughly aired.

Keep your children clean and cool. The health of children during hot weather depends much upon cleanliness. Excessive heat impairs the tone of the digestive organs, and thus indirectly causes indigestion, diarrhœa, dysentery and cholera infantum. The mother cannot do much towards curing these diseases, but she can do much by way of prevention, simply by keeping her children clean and cool, and giving them food that is easily digested. FANNY FIELD.

Take a Wedding-Dress and Go, Girls.

Noticing a communication in your issue of May 8th signed Frenchy, in which is stated, that there is a party of single women in Iowa, who express the wish that some person living in a section of country where such persons are in demand, would write, and give a descriptive letter in the Household. I take this opportunity of replying to the same. I will begin by stating that the section of country around here is probably one of the most attractive spots to be found anywhere, in Kansas. One of the best agricultural regions in the United States, a place where kind mother earth never fails to reward the hand of industry, and prosperity seems to have no check.

The climate is mild and delightful, the result of the high altitude of the country. There is always a cool breeze blowing, which forms a delightful contrast between the oppressive summers of the Eastern States, and the mild and genial ones of Kansas. The country is settled with well-to-do farmers, who came from the Eastern States some 10 or 12 years ago and "took up" homesteads, and improved them. Some came here married, others came single, marrying since, while there is still another portion who have not yet found the better half of themselves, on account of the scarcity of marriageable women in Western Kansas; and I think by a little maneuvering and judicious agitation in the Household, a great amount of good could be accomplished by these bachelors of Kansas making the acquaintance of the maidens of the overstocked Eastern States. As a general rule all the old bachelors out here are well fixed, having good homes and well cultivated farms, and only lack that priceless gem, a good wife. I had just got back from a visit to my bachelor friend A., when I happened to read the article from Frenchy, it occurred to my mind how much more pleasant it would be for him in the eternal fitness of things if he was only in possession of one of these neglected maidens, and I accosted him on the subject. He candidly admitted that he desired a wife, but saw no prospect of procuring one in Kansas, that would suit him. He is well situated, has a good farm of 160 acres in one of the best river valleys of Kansas, not far from a thriving town; has a good frame house on it, good water handy, good stables and hen houses; but lack a wife; and if this article should become the instrumentality through which he will obtain a good one, I must exclaim, "More honor to the BLADE!"

Don't be backward, girls, for there is plenty of room for you in Kansas. If you do not let false pride and delicacy keep you from speaking your minds. This bachelor friend of mine is only one of a hundred chances here for women's procuring good husbands. Laying aside the opportunities of the country, we will cast an eye over some of our western towns and the outlook is fine. McPherson Center, the County seat of this County, is a thriving Town of about 800. It contains about 75 women, (that is, married ones,) about nine single girls, and the rest (outside of the husbands of the married ladies) are all bachelors, ranging from the age of 26 to 40 years. Some are engaged in the mercantile business, others in the various trades. Such another outlook for women will hardly be found anywhere else. Come to Kansas, girls, if you are a teacher, a dressmaker, milliner, or have any other calling; there is plenty of room for you in your various occupations, and you will probably be married before you are in the State three months. CINCINNATUS.

Colorado Mining.

I read the letters from Colorado with much interest, for my home is in the Centennial State. I have lived here so long that I have become very much attached to it for my parents came here in an early day when there was as great a rush to the Peak as there now is to Leadville. People traveled by teams then and in companies, in order to protect themselves from the Indians. Every third or fourth person we met would sing out: "Going to the Peak?" Arrived at Denver we found a flourishing town of human beings, mostly men seeking their fortunes confident they would soon be able to go back to their families with their pockets full of the precious metal which they had come so far and endured so many hardships to obtain; but then, as now, the majority of them spent what they brought with them, made nothing here, and were obliged to return to their families utterly penniless. What worlds of misery this greed for gold has cause1. Why is it that people who are doing well enough where they are, must drop everything as soon as there is a mining excitement and rush to the enchanted district under the vain delusion that they have only to stop and pick up the nuggets of gold and silver as they lie glistening in the sunlight? Where one man makes a fortune prospecting, 99 have to walk home, and many are positively obliged to beg or work for something to eat on their way; but for all that people are coming as many as ever. Sisters of homes, if your husbands have got the Leadville fever, and have enough capital that they can afford to lose something, then do not strongly object to their coming, for there are a great many valuable mines in the vicinity of Leadville that only need capital to develope them when they will prove worth thousands of dollars, but they will run a great risk of being taken in by sharpers if they know nothing about mines, as the mountains are full of shrewd rogues who make a business of selling holes of no value, which they represent to eastern capitalists to be valuable lodes.

If your husbands cannot afford to run any risk of losing them, on no account give your consent to their coming, for this country is positively overrun with moneyless tramps who might have been in good circumstances had they not been taken with the mining fever, and now are met with everywhere trying to sell their teams at half price, that they may be able to return to their friends. I have often heard of people being land poor. My opinion is that Colorado is people poor; and she is now reaping the benefits of her newspaper exaggerations. For your own sake, and the comfort of your families as well as the good of this State, don't come here to make money, unless you are rich.

MOUNTAIN FERN.

Sunny Dale, Colo.

Replies and Suggestions.

I would say to Young Mother, of Corunna, Ind., better consult your physician. The pains may be of a rheumatic nature, and located in the muscles of the chest. Would say to Mrs. Boutland, of Pleasant Plains, Ill., try chlorate of potash; if this does not effect a cure take about a tablespoonful of glycerine and drop eight or ten drops of carbolic acid into it; also, clorate of potash, the size of two peas; bathe the sores with this; if too strong, thin with a little water.

Mrs. Smith should examine the dirt in the jar to see that there was no angle worms in it; sand enough should be worked in to make a light warm soil. A great many plants are killed by too much watering, especially turned on the plant. Holes should be made in the bottom of all the flower jars so as to give drainage when there is too much water, and a good plan to water some plants is to set the jars in a pan or tub and turn the water in the tub, allowing the soil in the jars to absorb as much water as it will. The begonia (the Rex specia) should be watered in this way, as water turned on the foliage soon rots them down.

Tell Grace, Myers, Mo., that a splendid pickle is made by picking from the vines while small, put in weak brine 24 hours, rinse in clear water then scald in good strong vinegar and seal in fruit cans or jars while hot. A little sugar added to vinegar while scalding improves the taste wonderfully. Pickles made in this way are as fresh and solid as new, though opened years afterward.

Mrs. Weightman, of Girardville, Pa., will do well to note Mrs. Loomis' recipe for cancer, it will probably cure the tumor.

Will Mrs. Loomis of Ionia, Kansas, say if they used to live at Wamesville, Ohio?

If members of the Household would practice cutting out receipts and valuable information when it appears there would be less asking for duplicates. Every intelligent person should have a scrap book and make departments in it for each class of matter; they would be surprised to see how often receipts for the same cure is called for and given in answer. My BLADES look as though the lightning had struck them, the next week after arrival—all that's of importance enough is filed away in my scrap book. Can't the BLADE make a special offer to its readers on scrap books? It would save thousands of questions and duplicating their answers each year.

H. M. R., Box 78, Swain, Ind.

"No Never, Well Hardly Ever!"

I am entertained in the discussion pertaining to promiscuous kissing. And my dear masculine brothers how unanimous you are. Never marry a lady who would allow your own dear self to kiss her. What an amount of innate virtue you must contain. That the act though very imprudent and dangerous in her is not the least derogatory to yourself. A happy conclusion! having acted the part of a gentleman and in a moment of confidence she is imprudent enough to grant you a kiss at your own solicitation you then wrap the mantle of self righteousness about your much-abused self and exclaim: "Thus am I deceived! Ah woe is me!" Then go and tell all your gentlemen friends that you kissed her, Honorable, is it not? Under the guise of a gentleman gain the favor and then claim she did wrong and you right, simply because she is a woman and you a man (or claim to be.) Now in answer to Lou Dean's invitation, I would say I am not in favor of promiscuous kissing. But I do not by any means consider a lady an object of scorn, nor any less the true lady because she may have granted myself or a gentleman friend a salute at the gate, when if it had been given at one of those good moral entertainments entitled a play party, it would only have been considered as an indication of the lady's sweetness of disposition or amiability. But then we expect there is much difference in the time and place. Now, Lou, you are entitled to your views, and I respect you for them. Though we may differ from a person in our opinions, it is a right we each and all have. I don't blame the ladies, whatever views they may entertain on the above question. Do as you think right. But, my dear brother of the "masculine persuasion," don't claim to be so immaculate and spotless. "Never marry a lady whom you could kiss before engagement or marriage!" Fudge! I suppose you do not know of any such lady that ever succeeded in getting married? I do. They are good, true women, performing life's duties and meeting its responsibilities as faithfully as some of the honorable gentlemen who may have kissed them at the gate. Let us be honest, and not claim exemption because we can shift the blame on some woman. It takes two to make an enjoyable kiss, and we have never wished to share the pleasure with one of our own sex. It might do in the far off Persia, but under the Stars and Stripes it is something different. Now, Lou, Malula, Old Bach and the rest, we may not agree, but we are honest in our opinion and believe the same of you, and if we are in error we hope that light may shine upon our pathway.

"Fame and fortune all have missed me,
But please add that Jennie kissed me!"

New Lisbon, Ind. JOLLY BACH.

[Our correspondent's quotation is far from accurate, but we cannot stop to rectify it.—ED.]

That Selfishness.

There have been many subjects discussed in the Household, but I think none of more importance than the one "Observer" has introduced. I suppose from the tenor of her remarks that she is a mother, and I think some of her ideas are very good, and although she says she would like to hear from the other side of the question, I will take it for granted she would like to hear from one that has been brought up to help "mother." I am the youngest of a family of ten children, six boys and four girls, and my home was on a farm until I was 17, and from the time I was large enough, until we left the farm, I did a good deal of what is generally termed "girls' work," such as washing dishes, sweeping, making beds, ironing, and have done considerable sewing on a machine, and I don't see that it has hurt me in the least, but has rather been a benefit to me.

A word now for the other side. "Observer" says that "if you have only one son and several daughters, don't you ever allow your daughters to wait on him at all. Insist on him helping as much as though he was the seventh son and only one daughter." Now I would like to ask "Observer" if she thinks that is reasonable. If she had made some exceptions and modified it a little it would not seem so bad, but she don't, she says, "don't wait on him at all." If he wants a button sewed on his pants, or a rent in his coat mended, don't you do it. He is only a boy; make him go and do it himself, or else let it go undone; but if there are any disagreeable chores or errands to do then the boy is in demand, and if all his seven sisters want him at once, which is often the case, and he don't respond immediately (for he is flesh and blood, and can only be in one place at a time), he is reported to the head of the family, and punishment of the severest kind is meted out to him forthwith.

I have a good mother and several good sisters, that I would do anything for within the bounds of reasonableness, and I think they would do anything for me, but they would never be so unreasonable to ask (to say nothing of compelling) me to do any house work, when there were three or four girls about the house, and only one boy, and as to my sisters waiting on me, they have often done it, yet I think it didn't increase my selfishness at all.

To conclude, I think it a very good plan to teach brothers and sisters to assist each other, and I think that neither sex will be troubled with selfishness.

A BOY DISHWASHER.

McGraw, Pa.

"Other People's Children."

I wish to extend my thanks to Mrs. Simpson and Mrs G. N. R for recipes for vinegar, which I hope may also benefit others.

A few weeks ago a fond mother gave some of the sayings of a darling child, and I have looked for more children's sayings, but none have appeared. I read a few which came under my own knowledge (I who had before discredited such stories as only to be found in Sunday school books), sayings which I know to be true. The family were engaged in social chat with Brother G., the Presiding Elder. He remarked "that his youngest boy was a Christmas present; found him on the Christmas tree." Five year-old Willie asked quickly, "He bent the limb, didn't he."

Aunt Sarah was saying to the children that persons who swear were very wicked; Willie looked up seriously and said: "I am very glad papa and mother do not swear."

When one of Willie's aunts removed to a distance, a little cousin, relating the parting scene, said: "Mother cried, Eva cried, Nannie cried, Kate cried, and Newty and I played with the calf."

Willie said, very concernedly, "I wish I was dead." "Why, Willie, it is wrong to wish such a such a wish," said his mother. "O, I would live among the angels and flowers in Heaven." His mother then explained to him that we were placed here by the Creator for some wise purpose, then was busied for some time answering questions.

In conversation regarding the shocking death of an old friend, who shot himself through the head, Willie's father said he could not get it out of his mind. "Yes," said practical Walter (Willie's brother, four years older), "I could not help thinking how foolish he was." "Why, Walter," said his twin brother, "he was crazy." "If he hadn't been crazy he would not have killed himself," said Zaza—seven years.

Callie asked his mother, "Why Aunt Mary prayed to die." His mother answered "she supposed she was suffering so." "Why," said he, wonderingly, "would she want to leave her family?"

A very small cousin said a certain lady "looked as good as a *mother*."

Zaza said as his papa came in dressed to go to town, "You look like a preacher." "I wish he was," said his mother "if he could be one of the best."

"Well; continued Zaza why couldn't he be?"

"O, said Willie, he wasn't born well enough."

Willie went to bed without saying his prayers. His mother reminded him, he got up quickly and said, "Our Father" with Zaza. He told his mother that Mr. M.'s family had worship every day, and asked "if it wasn't right that all should?"

Now dear visitors and mothers of the Household, do we not hail in these small philosophers the coming man and woman? Do we not see the foreshadowing of principles, which make strong man and women of noblest virtues? But are we not sometimes disappointed? Oh how sadly in our expectations of the life of a loved one, and why? I have known sons of most unexceptionable training, come to naught. Why is this, is it some terrible mistake on the part of parents, or an innate wicked propensity in the child? Who can say? We have the promise, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" and are not all His promises *sure*? And again, is it right that parents and children should not express the love they feel for one another? it is the lack of expression of love that is the cause of most of the "unhappy homes" our brothers and sisters complain of. We should not smother in our hearts the love, even such love as we give our innocent ones, but let it be a halo encircling their manhood. Thus might reforms be made in unhappy homes!

I want to ask what shall we do with the hair, here in Kansas, where the wind blows it all over the face if you happen to step out bonnetless, and where soft water is not always attainable to one without very fine hair, and inclined to curl, and—getting gray, the question becomes a serious one. I am afraid to use any of the various hair renovators, for fear of permanent injury. I am tempted to keep it cut short, and then the Bible interdiction comes in mind. Mrs. Anthony's hair is white as snow, as also Mrs. Marsh, of Belknap impeachment notoriety. I am sure I would prefer that silvery white to grizzly gray. Ugh!

But, Fanny Field, I so wanted to know your County and State. Who is to blame—you or the editress?

AUNT FANNIE.

The Culinary Department.

Upon "sober second thought" I do not endorse Rosella Brown's words in regard to the "affairs of the stomach." I say safeguard against mis-

let us have as gr[eat] in the Household [no]us competition ing the most of th[is] ce, has but e been reading the paper b[ut] time, but in that time have been greatly pleased with the articles in this Department, and the information to be gained by reading them. I am a lover of the beautiful, and an admirer of all kinds of work calculated to adorn our homes and make them attractive and pleasant. But I have not yet reached perfection in the culinary art nor do I ever expect to. This is an accomplishment in which there is progression, and if a young lady gets married and undertakes to keep house, it is her duty to study and learn to do her work well. I went from the school room into a home of my own and knew very little about housekeeping.

I have always loved to cook, and have seized every opportunity to learn all I can, and I have made a tolerable success.

Yes, I think the subject of voting is exhaustible. I have never tried to exhaust it yet for I don't want to vote; I'd a great deal rather cook than vote any time. I rather think if I keep my house in order, keep a neat table with well-cooked but wholesome food upon it, yes, I honestly think, my husband will vote to suit me.

Penelope Deane asks a question for the wise ones of the Household to answer. Perhaps I am not very wise, yet I would like to tell you that I think home study a good thing. You certainly have very little leisure time outside of home duties, but whenever you have time I advise you to read. If you read a little every day you will be surprised how much knowledge can be gained in that way. I was desirous of being better informed, and I have undertaken a four years course of reading and am well pleased with it so far. One of the first books in the course is a small book entitled "What Shall I Read." It is written by a Christian lady and a mother. She gives some good ideas about what a person shall read, why and how they shall read. SHELLIE.

Westfield, Ind.

Equal Morals—The Murphy Movement.

Lady Slipper is correct. Would that every unmarried lady would make the same declaration. If all women would exact the same standard of morality from men that they have exacted from them before marrying this would be a happier world. I think there must be a mistake about Joe Norris' ancestors. They were dead the latter half of their lives, only they were not buried. I have a great antipathy to all sinful habits, and while I would approach a victim with charity, I would not hesitate to venture criticism. I believe that a person who sins in God's sight knowingly, deserves criticism. I think that using tobacco is literally a sin and have heard a great many tobacco users acknowledge it as such—the reasons are obvious to any one of ordinary reasoning power. I think that gum chewing is a sin also, as it causes useless workings of the jaws and as in tobacco chewing and smoking it exhausts the saliva that is intended for dampening the food only. I also think that the sin is increased when two or three persons chew on the same piece of gum. This is in a kind mood little girls and boys—of course the large ones would never think of chewing gum.

I have been criticizing the Murphy Temperance Movement somewhat through our home paper and several old sots (now reformed) call me a Pharisee for asserting that they should not be placed on a grand moral level with their Christian friends who have had the backbone to resist strong drink and sister sins and all their lives. I think there are good grounds for debate, and should like to see the Household discuss Murphydom. Tell me whether the present plan of getting signatures to the pledge is a hap hazardous one or not. A great many have signed the pledge in this place with the thought that they can go on with billiards, card playing, social dancing, etc., the same as before. As all know, the pledge is signed on conditions, "God helping me." I will ask, will God help those that don't help themselves? The Murphy temperance business appears to me like "hewing where you may and letting the chips fall to the line."

TRA LA LA.

For Penelope.

Surely, dear Penelope, "the soul is more than meat and the body more than raiment."

You ask, inquiringly for some of the intelligent girls of the "Household" to give their ways of "balancing their inner and outer lives." Although I am no longer a girl, still, perhaps, I might say a few words of encouragement. I am the mother of four children, do everything myself and yet find time to read and study a great deal. By cutting down my list of acquaintances to a few valuable friends and, of course, a few calling acquaintances—by making all my children's clothing with a view to the troublesome ironings, not absolutely plain, but with as many flat trimmings as possible, by not being frightened if I am seen in a dress plainly made, with my hair comely done—of course all one's dresses need not be absolutely plain—by spreading my table with good, wholesome, well cooked food, by restricting myself to reading only that which is valuable, I believe I have accumulated as many spare moments as most women in like circumstances have enjoyed.

I am, despite the tradition of woman's helplessness and inefficiency, with all these "hindrances" as some would term it, but health-keepers, as I would say—notwithstanding all this I am studying a profession; studying it with might and main, with a view of putting it the practice of medicine to some use, but not expecting to go into active practice while my children are small. There comes a time in every mother's life when the little feet cease to patter, the little hands to pull at her skirts. The children are grown-up folks and the house is lonely. Then, if the mother has something to do, something real interesting, that takes all her energies, and that brings with it honor and esteem, then will her life be full of blessings and her old age crowned with glory. OLIVE.

Astoria, Ill.

Cure for Small Pox.

A gentleman living in Lockport, N. Y., while in Montreal, took sick. He returned home at once. His sickness turned out to be small pox of a virulent type. His family took it from him, one little child so badly that the Doctor gave the case up, and said the child must die.

A slip of paper was found on the window sill one morning with the following recipe on it: "Digitalis, one grain; sulphate of Zinc, one grain; pure water, four ounces sweetened, dose for child, one teaspoonful every two hours; adult, one tablespoonful every two hours." The gentleman read it over and over again, and thinking of his little child given up by the Doctor to the grim visitor, Death, determined to try this remedy sent in such a Providential manner. Before doing so he showed it to the Doctor. That wise man treated it with contempt. The gentleman asked him if he had given the child up. He replied, Yes, the child must die. The gentleman went to a drug store for the prescription, administered it to the child and also to the rest of his family who were down with the loathsome disease. All were cured, and very quickly. Since then the remedy has been given to others with equal effect and has proved itself equally efficacious in scarlet fever. Thinking it might be useful to others, I send it to the Toledo BLADE for publication. I have had some experience with doctors. There are numbers of them well-meaning, conscientious men, but my private opinion is that they kill more than they cure by adhering to stereotyped modes of treatment taught in sectarian schools, and totally ignoring simple, matter-of-fact remedies.

Rochester, N. Y. T. A.

"They're Sure to Regret It."

I have stood by the door listening so long, and it is hard for a woman to keep quiet two years where there is so much being said on all subjects around her. I just want to tell Woodmoss that she is a "humbug," if she's married, for I've been "taken in," as well as poor Will Craig and can't forgive her. But I can't believe it of her! "A husband of mine," indeed! when I had pictured her such a sweet faced old maid. She says "Kansas is a good place for boys." Did you mean humbugs too, Woody? "Aunt P." and "Rosella Brown," don't encourage Young Bach to wait too long. I advised a young friend so, once, and before he got the "home" ready, that girl went off and married her "other feller" and when he came to me with his sad face and said "Now Mariar see what you've done." I rather wished I'd let him take his chances. I hold that if a man marries or not he is sure to regret it, and I would prefer he blamed himself than me. And Rosella "out West" the appetite comes first. So send on your plain recipe we've no use for any other kind on the frontier.

Hoosier Teacher I understand the feeling that makes you object to the Trustee, so long as you can "birch him." I always thought the birch superior to the Trustee.

Now I want to be a flower and I want to be honest, so will own that I am

PRETTY-BY-NIGHT.

Ness, Kan.

Hints on Dishwashing.

Suggestions as how to simplify housekeeping that we tired mothers may find more time for self culture, social life and the highest and best home life, are always looked for in the Household, also hints and helps in cooking, that hydra headed monster to which the noblest, best and most important elements in motherhood are often sacrificed. Plain wholesome food is what we need, adapted to the wants of physical nature.

Reading hints on dishwashing leads me to give my modus operandi. Puncture the bottom of a milk pan quite freely. Place this pan in a smaller one or in a crock, to allow drainage. After the glass pieces are disposed of, place in this pan the other dishes as they are washed, cups first, then saucers, plates, and so on, all as hot as possible, and pour the whole pour scalding water. In this way I find a great saving of tea towels, and if not wiped at all are preferable to being touched with a soiled towel. I treat milk cans, crocks and pails in the same manner, using a large dish pan in which to scald them.

Will some one please give her successful method of packing summer butter, so that it will keep sweet far winter use? also how to care for a hydrangea, its winter treatment particularly.

MRS. HOMESPUN.

Wenona, Ills.

Autumn Leaves.

I wish to correct a mistake in my letter in last week's BLADE. It was printed "Liberty Center," it should be "Liberty Corners."

Some one proposed that there should be more fancy work discussed, "I second the motion." Now, that the season of the beautiful Autumn leaves will soon be here, I will tell the Household how to decorate with them prettily. Take a narrow tape and fasten them on (one over lapping the other,) so the tape will not show, and loop your white curtains back with them; also put some above them, and over pictures; they look very pretty. I think the best way to prepare them is as follows: Dry them in a book for a few weeks and varnish them with white varnish. They will keep their color perfectly and last for years, will not crack, and look very pretty and glossy.

Will some one please tell me how to make a bureau cover, (something simple and easy.) Would white honeycomb canvas answer?

One question I will repeat: I want a recipe for making flaky pie-crust that has been tested and found good.

FANNIE FOWLER.

Liberty Corners, Pa.

Exchanges Wanted.

A good microscope, (worth $6) a cocoa wood flageolet, both entirely new; Leslie's for '77, and Hope's scroll-sawing, new, price $1.25, in exchange for a good clarionet, small printing press, or other articles.—Box 96, Shreve, Ohio.

Practical instruction in vocal music or short hand writing, by mail, in exchange for books, magazines, minerals, fossils, seashells, etc. Learn to sing by note. Any one who can read common print can learn to read music.—F. E. HALE, Jamestown, Cloud Co., Kan.

Hair flowers, watch chains, switches, etc., also tuberose and lily bulbs, red monthly roses, etc., to exchange for books, sea shells, child's carriage, choice lillies, higher grade of educational works, etc. Hair work and wax flower work in exchange for useful or ornamental articles.—MAGGIE WOOLMAN THOMAS, Kent, Iowa.

A CURIOUS CLOCK.

A Timepiece which Surpasses all Previous Horological Achievements.

The *Scientific American* describes and illustrates a remarkable clock which it is claimed surpasses all other horological achievements, not excepting the great clock of Strasburg. The new timepiece is the invention of Mr. Felix Meier, of Detroit, Mich. The clock is 18 feet in height, eight feet wide by five feet deep, and weighs 4,000 pounds. The framework is entirely of black walnut, elegantly carved. Above the main body of the clock is a marble dome, upon which Washington sits in the chair of state, protected by a canopy, which is surmounted by a gilded statue of Columbia; on either side of Washington is a colored servant in livery guarding the doors, which open between the pillars that support the canopy; on the four corners of the main body of the clock are black walnut niches containing human figures emblematic of the march of life; the two lower ones are supported by two flaming torches; one of them contains the figure of an infant, the second the figure of a youth, the third of a man in middle life, the fourth of an aged graybeard, and still another, directly over the center, contains a grinning skeleton representing Father Time.

All of these figures have bells and hammers in their hands. The infant's bell is small and sweet toned; the youth's bell larger and harsher; the bell of manhood strong and resonant; that of old age diminishing in strength, and the bell of the skeleton deep and mournful. At the end of every quarter hour the infant in his curved niche strikes with a tiny hammer upon his bell. At the end of each half hour the youth strikes, at the end of three-quarters the man, and at the end of each hour the gray-beard-Death then follows with a measured stroke to toll the hour, and a carved cupid projects from either side with wings to indicate that time flies. At the same time a large music box, manufactured at Geneva expressly for this clock, begins to play, and a surprising scene is enacted upon the platform beneath the canopy. Washington slowly rises from the chair to his feet, extending his right hand, presenting the Declaration of Independence. The door on the left is opened by the servant, admitting all the Presidents from Washington's time, including Pres. Hayes. Each President is dressed in the costume of his time. The likenesses are good. Passing in file before Washington, they face and raise their hands as they approach him, and, walking naturally across the platform, disappear through the opposite door, which is promptly closed behind them by the second servant. Washington retires into his chair, and all is quiet save the measured tick of the huge pendulum and the ringing of the quarter hours, until another hour is passed. Mr. Meier has spent 10 years of patient labor and $7,000 in cash in perfecting his clock.

A New Issue in Rhode Island Politics.

Atlanta Constitution.

A bill is to be introduced in the next Legislature of Rhode Island to change the name of Canonchet to Shot gunchet.

Our Young Folks.

ONLY A BOY.

I am only a boy, with a heart light and free;
I am brimming with mischief and frolic and glee.
I dance with delight, and whistle and sing;
And you think such a boy never cares for a thing.

But boys have their troubles, though jolly they seem;
Their thoughts can go further than most people deem;
Their hearts are as open to sorrow as joy,
And each has his feelings, though only a boy.

Now, oft when I've worked hard at piling up wood,
Have done all my errands and tried to be good,
I think I might then have a rest or a play;
But how shall I manage it? Can any one say?

If I start for a stroll, it is, "Keep off the street!"
If I go to the house, it is, "Mercy, what feet!"
If I take me a seat, 'tis, "Here! give me that chair!"
If I lounge by a window, 'tis, "Don't loiter there!"

If I ask a few questions, 'tis, "Don't bother me!"
Or else, "Such a torment I never did see!"
I am scolded or cuffed if I make the least noise,
Till I think in this wide world there's no place for boys.

At school they are shocked if I want a good play;
At home or in church I am so in the way;
And it's hard, for I don't see that boys are to blame—
And must any boy, too, will just say the same.

Of course a boy can't know as much as a man;
But we try to do right just as hard as we can.
Have patience, dear people, though oft we annoy.
For the best man on earth once was only a boy.

—*Tribune.*

THE MAN IN THE BEAR'S SKIN.

A Fairy Story.

There was once a young fellow who enlisted as a soldier. He was brave and courageous, and always foremost in the thick of the battle. As long as the war continued he got on very well, but when peace was proclaimed, he received his discharge, and the Captain told him he might go as soon as he pleased.

He had, however, no home to go to, for his parents were dead; so at last he thought he would try his brothers, and ask them to give him a home till war broke out again.

But his brothers were hard-hearted, and said, "What could we do with you here? You are not fit to help us, so you had better try to provide for yourself."

The soldier had nothing of his own but his gun, so he placed it on his shoulder, and went out into the world to seek for a living.

After walking some distance he came to a heath, on which only a few trees were to be seen, and these grew in a circle. So, feeling very sorrowful, he sat down under the trees, and began to reflect upon his fate. "I have no money," he said to himself; "I have never learnt anything but soldiering and now peace is proclaimed, I am not wanted. I can see that there is nothing before me but starvation."

At that moment he heard a rustling sound, and looking round, he saw a strange man standing before him; he wore a green coat, and looked rather stately, but had a very ugly cloven foot.

"I know very well what you want," said he to the soldier, "and money and possessions you shall have, as much as you can spend, however extravagant you may be. But I must discover first whether you are a coward, that my money may not be thrown away."

"A soldier, and afraid! who can put those two words together?" he replied. "You can try me if you like."

"Willingly," answered the man; "now just look behind you."

The soldier turned and saw a immense bear, who was growling and trotting toward him. "Oho!" cried the soldier, "I will tickle your nose for you presently, my friend," and stop your growling, and raising his gun he shot the bear in the head so surely, that he fell all of a heap on the ground, and moved no more.

"I see clearly," said the stranger, "that you are not wanting in courage; but there is one more condition that you must agree to."

"If it does not harm me in the future," replied the soldier, who knew well who he was talking to, "I don't care what I promise to do."

"You can tell for yourself whether the conditions are likely to injure you in the future," was the reply; "they are these: you must neither wash yourself, nor comb your hair, nor cut your nails nor beard, nor say your prayers for the next seven year, and I will give you this coat and cloak, which you must wear the whole time. Should you die during the seven years, you are mine; but if you live beyond that time, you will be rich and independent for the rest of your life."

The soldier sat for some minutes thinking of the great poverty in which he then was, and how often he had faced death without fear, and at last decided to accept the stranger's conditions.

The wicked old demon immediately took off the green coat, and offering it to the soldier, said: "Whenever you have that coat on on your back, you will find plenty of money in the pocket, if you put your hand in it." Then he pulled off the skin of the dead bear, and giving it to him, said: "This is to be used by you as a cloak and a bed; you must not, for the whole seven years, dare to sleep in any other bed, nor to wear any other cloak, and on this account you shall be called "Bearskin." Having said this, the stranger vanished.

The soldier immediately put on the coat, and, putting his hands in the pockets, found that the money was a reality. Then he hung the bearskin on his shoulders and went out into the world rejoicing in his good fortune, and buying all he wished for with his money.

For the first year, his unwashed face, his uncombed and uncut hair and beard did not disfigure him so very much, but during the second year, he began to look like a monster. The hair covered the whole of his face, his beard looked like a piece of coarse blanket, his fingers had claws instead of nails, and his face was so covered with dirt, that if mustard and cress had been sown there, it must have grown on it.

Those who saw him for the first time always ran away; but wherever he went he gave money to the poor, and therefore they all prayed that he might live for the seven years; and as he paid well for a night's lodging on all occasions, he was always sure of shelter.

In the fourth year he came to an inn, but the landlord, on seeing him, would not take him in, nor even let him sleep in the stables, for he thought such a monster would frighten the horses.

However, when Bearskin put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a handful of gold pieces, the landlord began to soften, and gave him a room in one of the out buildings, but he made him promise that he would not allow himself to be seen, for fear of getting the house into bad repute.

In the evening, when Bearskin was sitting by himself, and wishing that the seven years were over, he heard in an adjoining room loud lamentations. The soldier had a pitying heart, so he opened the door, and saw an old man with his hands clasped over his head, and weeping bitterly.

Bearskin advanced toward him, but the old man sprang up to run away. When, however, he heard a kind human voice speaking to him in friendly tones, he was inclined to remain; and the soldier's soothing words at last encouraged him to disclose the cause of his grief. His property, he said, had dwindled away by degrees, and now his daughters must starve. He had not, he said, even money enough to pay the landlord, and suspected he should be sent to prison.

"If you have no other trouble," replied Bearskin, "I can help you, for I have plenty of money." Then he sent for the landlord, paid the old man's bill, and gave him a purse full of gold to put in his pocket.

When the old man found himself so quickly relieved from his present anxieties, he knew not how sufficiently to express his thanks. But at length he thought of his daughters. "Come home with me," he said; "I will introduce you to my three daughters; they are wonders of beauty, and you shall have one of them, if you like, for a wife. When they hear all you have done for me, they will not refuse you. You are certainly a strange looking man, but that is easily got over."

Bearskin was very much pleased with this invitation, and went home with the old man quite readily. No sooner, however, did the eldest daughter catch sight of him, than with a scream of terror she rushed away. The second stood still and looked at him from head to foot.

"How could I accept such a man for a husband?" she said. "Why, he has not the slightest resemblance to a human being. Why, the grizzly bear who came to see us once, and called himself a man, pleased me much better; for he did wear a Hussar's cap and white gloves. If he were only ugly I might get used to him, but not as he is."

The youngest, however, spoke gently, and said, "Dear father, that must be a good man if he has helped you so generously out of your trouble; and if you have promised him a bride you must keep your word."

It was a pity that Bearskin's face was so covered with dirt and hair, or she would have seen how happy he looked at these words. However, he took a ring from his finger, broke it in half, gave her one half, and kept the other for himself. On one half he wrote her name, and on the other his own; and begging her to take care of it, he said: "For three years longer I must travel about, but at the end of that time I will return; if I do not you will be free, for I shall be dead. But pray to God every day that my life may be preserved." Then he said farewell, and left her.

After he was gone, the bride dressed herself in black, and when she thought of her bridegroom the tears would come into her eyes. To her sisters it was a great amusement, and they did nothing but mock and jeer her about her lover. "You must pay attention to the manner in which he takes your hand," said the eldest, "for his claws may be sharp."

"And take care," said the other, "that he does not eat you up if you please him, for bears are fond of sweet things."

"Ah, yes," continued the eldest, "and you must always do as he pleases, or he will growl at you."

"Well," said her sister, "we shall have a merry wedding at all events, for bears are noted for their dancing." The bride kept silence, and her sisters soon found that they could not make her angry with anything they said to her.

Meanwhile, Bearskin was traveling about from one place to another, doing good on every opportunity, and relieving the poor and afflicted with the greatest sympathy. So that he had many to pray for him that he might live long.

The last day of the seventh year dawned, and Bearskin went out to the heath and seated himself under the trees which grew in a circle. He did not wait long, for with a rush of wind came the demon who had appeared to him just seven years before, and looked at him with a most ill tempered and disappointed face. He threw down the soldier's own co

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports etc etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

An Important Question.

It seems to be agreed on nearly all hands that there is about as much loss as gain in cheese production at the present prices. By this condition of the industry the farmers of the country are the only actual losers. The factorymen take care to make a profit of some sort even from their patrons' losses, while the long line of middlemen between the producers and consumers pocket enough to check the consumption of the latter, and thus aggravate the misfortunes of the former.

Several causes contribute to the present depression of this branch of farm industry. For our enormous exports of cheese the British working classes have been the chief customers, and the working classes of Great Britain are now so hard pinched by the universal depression there, not in agriculture alone, but in all sorts of industries, that they have often to be thankful for the bread without the cheese or with a much smaller chunk of it than usual. By the middle and upper classes, who also use cheese liberally, the home-made sorts, or varieties imported from the neighboring Continent, are more highly prized than the great bulk of that received from this country. We have been catering to the tastes and pockets of the masses, and, unfortunately for us and them, the emptiness of the latter now prevents the free indulgence of the former. Owing to the falling off in the purchases consequent greatly on this restriction, our supply would be too large for the production of even a few years back, and is much too large, to be profitable, for the present make. To secure "paying" prices, therefore, either our markets for cheese must be enlarged, or our production of it curtailed.

The two most practicable ways of increasing our sales seem to be, first, to make a greater variety of cheese, so as to tempt more liberal purchases by appealing to a wider range of taste, and, second, to create a greater horse demand for this highly nutritious kind of food. As remarked by Mr. Stewart elsewhere, the chief or only difference in factory cheese, is that between the good and the bad; while there certainly would be a wider opening for diversity in each of these kinds, and for the production of several intermediate sorts, should cheese be more extensively made under the varying conditions that exist on our farm dairies. Is a return, then, to home cheese making the only means of obtaining this desirable diversity of product, or will not the factories vary more, here and there, the character of their make?

At fairs and dairy conventions a great deal has been said of late as to the necessity of increasing the appetite for cheese among our countrymen; but a pretty close outlook for the last couple of years has failed to discover a single practical step towards doing so, with the possible exception of that International Dairy Fair in this City. A fair price for a good article, and a size of cheese suitable for the immediate use of a single family, are two of the foremost means for popularizing the product; but while cheese has been bringing at the factory only six to seven cents per pound, it has been retailing for from 12 to 14 cents at the neighboring grocery, and for from 16 to 18 cents, or more, in City stores. And, worse still, the article, instead of tempting the purchaser to buy it again, is generally so poor that it lessens his taste for cheese. Then, again, who with a moderate-sized family is willing to buy a forty or fifty pound cheese to have much of it mold before it can be used? For one such man, hundreds would be tempted to purchase a five or six-pound cheese. Yet no effectual pressure has ever been brought to bear upon retailers to moderate their greed, or upon factorymen to help their patrons to a larger market by making smaller cheeses.

Although the price of cheese will probably rise temporarily this fall and, perhaps the coming winter, still the prospect seems gloomy for our present production. In view of the difficulty of enlarging our market promptly by either of these means the sensible course in the present emergency seems to be to adopt the other of the above named alternatives—to curtail our cheese production. To do this to advantage, however, will necessitate the substitution of some more profitable industry by those who are unwilling to work for nothing or at a loss, and enterprising enough to step out of the trodden path when it has become too encumbered for progress. What shall this other industry be—long wool raising, as Col. Curtis, suggests, or what?—*Ed.*

Protecting Half-Hardy Plants.

In almost every part of the United States there are various kinds of ornamental plants cultivated that may be termed half-hardy, or not quite hardy enough to withstand the frosts of winter, and still not so tender as to actually require the protection of a greenhouse. A very little covering often suffices to keep such plants alive and in good condition for growth another season, or in some instances only the fruit or flower buds are injured, the stems and branches appearing not to be seriously affected by the coldest weather. Just how much protection required to carry these half-hardy plants safely through the winter is not easily determined, except by practical experience in the different State; for what might be abundantly sufficient in the vicinity of St Louis would scarcely be enough for Chicago. In this City and its suburbs the ordinary varieties of the tea, noisette, and Bourbon roses require considerable protection, such as bending the stems down and covering with soil or coarse manure, or the plants may be dug up and buried in shallow trenches. Both these methods of protection are practiced by gardeners and other cultivators of these half-hardy roses. A few hundred miles further South no protection is needed, but northward a deep pit or moderately warm cellar is the safest place of storage during cold weather. Vines that are somewhat tender are best protected by taking them down off the stakes or trellises, laying them on the ground and covering very lightly with earth at the approach of cold weather. This is an excellent way to protect clematis, honeysuckle and grape vines, the buds of which are liable to be injured when left exposed during winter. Small shrubs, and especially evergreens, should never be bound up tightly with straw, as this keeps out the moisture which is essential to the health of the leaves even during cold weather; but when needing protection let it be in the form of loose straw put in and around the branches and leaves, and kept in place by a few stakes driven in the ground about the plant. Old barrels with old heads knocked out are excellent protectors for small plants, for if these are set over them they keep off the wind and afford partial shade, which is often all that is required. If greater protection is needed, as is sometimes the case with rhododendrons and azaleas, then stuff in a little hay about and over the plants, and the barrel will keep all in place. We usually protect our pampas grass in this way, banking up around the outside of the barrel with horse manure. Other species of ornamental grasses, like the arundos, erianthus, and eulalias, which die down in the fall, may have there old stalks cut off and spread over the crowns, and on this throw a little more coarse litter if it is required. Some persons object to the appearance of the litter necessary for giving protection to plants, and want to see the garden cleaned up in the fall; but the dead tops of the plants and the leaves from the trees are natural protectors for the roots, and if the first are removed the latter are likely to suffer from exposure to frost unless something of the kind is put on to take their place. In warm climates, like that of Florida, Louisiana and Southern Texas, there are tender plants, like the orange, bananna and pine-apple, which often require protection during frosty nights if no longer, and it is now time to prepare the materials for this purpose. There is nothing cheaper or more handy than large sheets made of ordinary muslin. At the low price at which it can now be purchased, a few hundred square yards, made up into sheets of 50 feet square, would cost but a small sum in comparison with what may often be saved by their use If the plants are protected from dew, they are not likely to have their leaves frozen in the States we have named, and it requires only a very light covering to do this. No one who has ever seen his crops of pineapples, oranges and lemons cut off by frosts, but has regretted that he had not provided for giving the plants some kind of protection; for the loss of one good large orange tree is more than it would cost to protect an acre of the same.—*New York Sun.*

An Eastern Opening.

It is reported that the maize crop in Roumania is likely to be an entire failure this year. This is a much more serious matter than would seem at first glance. Roumania in its entire extent is very small in comparison with the vast agricultural territory in Europe suffering this year from short crops, but it is more purely agricultural, than any other district yet counted among the afflicted. The cities are small and few in number, the manufactures extremely limited, and the country is more dependent on imports than almost any of its neighbors. By the navigation of the Danube and the service of the two lines of railway now connecting Bucharest with Austria, through the country east and west, the surplus produce finds easy exit, and, notwithstanding the bad roads, the interior is comparatively easy of access on account of the short distances from the arteries of commerce. Between the foot-hills of the Carpathians and the banks of the Danube, the general landscape is like the Western corn-growing prairies, only the immense fields are broken by frequent mud villages, tortuous dusty roads, and the broad beds of shallow rivers draining the mountains into the Danube.

Maize is to the Roumanian peasant what the cocoanut tree is to the Pacific Islander. The husks of the corn furnish him with beds, the stalks thatch the roof of his hut, and, mixed with mud, even serve to build the walls The cobs are used for fuel, and the corn itself, with the flesh of the black pigs that crowd the natives in every hut, form the chief and often the only food the year round. In the American region of hog and hominy Indian corn could be better spared than in Roumania. The *mamaliga*, or mush, is much more to the Roumanian peasants than the *polenta* to the Italians or the hominy to the corn fed Americans, because it has been their food for centuries, and in their ignorance they believe it to be their manna; their only natural and healthful diet. The failure of this crop means, then, untold misery and starvation, and the scourge will be more complete because Roumania has as wretched, ignorant and impoverished a peasantry as can be found in Europe. Clothed in the same pattern of dress that Trajan found them in, scarcely more civilized to-day than in the Dacia Felix of Roman times, not yet entirely free from the feudal yoke of the Boyars, the failure of the principal crop has a terrible significance to them, which we, in a country of schools, civilization and general prosperity, cannot appreciate or fully understand.

It would be a strange but not unexpected course of trade if the United States were called upon to supply not only grain and meat to the markets of Eastern Europe, but even the coarse staple to satisfy the demands of a degraded peasantry. It sounds very much like carrying figs to Smyrna or oranges to Seville, but in the wonderful progress of our trade even these branches seem no longer ridiculous or impossible. There is doubtless a great opening for the sale of American agricultural machines in the maize region of Europe, or at least there will be an opening as the country civilizes. A few American inventions are now in common use there. The American stove has proved a godsend to the semi-asphyxiated natives of the old Turkish provinces, the self-heating flatirons are often found in the kitchens of the prosperous peasants, and some minor agricultural implements are occasionally seen. The English manufacturers have had hitherto, it is said, the undisputed monopoly in the machine trade, but it is only reasonable to expect that with our present facilities for manufacturing, especially in the line of machines to harvest and prepare for the market of Indian corn, we can successfully compete with the English on this ground.

If there is to be serious distress in Roumania this Winter on account of the scarcity of maize, it may lead to the introduction of improvements in putting in and gathering the crops, and thus directly benefit American trade, as, indeed, almost every national disaster in Europe seems to do.—*Western Rural.*

The Management of Bee-keepers.

It has occurred to me that a word on the management of bee keepers, would be in order at the present time, when there is little to be done in the management of bees. It has been my misfortune to visit so many wickedly indifferent and incomparably lazy apiarists, that if I address this notice to them I hope to be held excused by my intelligent go ahead and successful brother bee keepers. By those who are short of cash, and cannot sell their honey I am frequently asked the question: "What shall I do?" Well, let me tell you, and that very readily. In the first place, get up early in the morning, and, after you are up, don't sit on a log with your hands in your pockets, but go to work. Fix up your apiary so nicely that every neighbor that comes along will want one like it. Then you can sell him some bees, and possibly a few pounds of honey. Stick up over the hitching post a neat sign, saying, "Bees and Honey for Sale," and have the honey so nice and tempting, when anybody calls, that the visitors cannot help buying. Never send your honey to be sold on commission, but sell it at home. Make a home market. Get the reputation of producing honey in the best marketable shape, and your honey will never go a begging for customers.

If you are in debt, stop outgoes put your money in your pocket and button it up. Keep pulling in all you can get, but don't let any get out. There is a philosopher's stone for you in a mutt shell. Scrape up all your bees wax on rainy days, but do not send it off by mail or express and lose half the charges. If you cannot sell it near home, club with your neighbors and send a barrel of it by freight. If you cannot sell all your honey and wax for cash, trade for something you know you have got to buy. Wear old clothes, and be careful of them. Be careful of everything. Do not make many mistakes and blunders, but make everything and every day count something. Yes, and Sabbath day, too: give God the best day's work of the week, in laying up treasures that do not pass away. —*J. G. Bingham, in Rural New Yorker.*

Declined, with Thanks.

The people of Yazoo invite newspaper reporters, and all who are interested and have not enough to tell the truth, to come to Yazoo and get the facts.—*Vicksburg Commercial.*

Excuse us, if you please! The editorial back is broad, and could not well be tanned by an expert bulldozer with a double barreled shot gun.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

"Save Us From Our Friends."

Cleveland Herald.

Do you know who the Union soldier's friend is? You don't? Why it is Daniel Webster Voorhees, to be sure. And Benjamin Franklin Butler, he is the poor man's friend, and Samuel Jones Tilden he is the voter's friend, and Governor Luke Pestilence Blackvomit, he is everybody's friend, because he is a genial, jolly, roguish old philanthropist.

ALL'S WELL.

Capt. Payne and Command Safe

Full Account of the Fight.

CHEYENNE, Wy., Oct. 7.—The following was just received from Maj. Gillis at Rawlins:

RAWLINS, Oct. 7,

A mail carrier from Snake Ridge is just in. He reports that Merritt reached Payne's command Monday afternoon, after a severe fight, after killing 37 Indians. He found them all right. The colored cavalry company joined Payne last Friday night, losing all their horses but two in doing so. The mail carrier knows nothing about the condition of the officers and men of the company of the Fourteenth regiment. They were at least 24 hours behind Merritt's command. "GILLIS.

THE COMMAND ALL RIGHT.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—A Cheyenne courier from the front brings the following from an officer with Payne's command:

BATTLEFIELD, MILK RIVER, Col., Oct. 3d, 6. P. M.

A courier will leave some time to night with dispatches if possible. The Indians still surround us, and are pouring an effective fire from commanding bluffs a distance of five or six hundred yards, having a cross fire upon our position, which was chosen hastily on the first day of the fight. All our horses and all but 12 mules have been killed. We sheltered them as best we could with wagons, but to no purpose. Capt. Dodge and Lieut. Hughes, with Company D, 9th Cavalry,

CAME TO OUR RESCUE

yesterday morning at daybreak, after a forced night's march of 35 miles from Bear River. Cheer upon cheer rent the air from our trenches when it was ascertained who was coming. A lull in the firing enabled them to come in and shelter their horses as well as possible, taking to the fortifications quickly,

WHEN THE ATTACK REDOUBLED

its fury. Had the heights been accessible, Capt. Dodge would have charged them with his company while we covered him from our rifle pits, but this being utterly impossible the ascent being nearly perpendicular, all we could do during the day was to keep a good lookout from the loopholes and

RETURN THE FIRE WHEN ANY INDIAN SHOWED HIS HEAD.

This, however, was a very rare occurrence as the Indians have rifle-pits and loop holes Before dark every horse but three of Capt. Dodge's command was shot down,

A VERY FORTUNATE THING FOR US

has been, that the Indians have left us unmolested at night, with the exception of an occasional shot to make us scatter to our pits. We have been able at great risk to haul off our dead animals every night. Otherwise the stench would be intolerable.

A SALLY IS MADE EVERY NIGHT FOR WATER,

a distance of 200 yards from our entrenchment. Night before last private Ezer, of Co. F, was shot in the face while out with a party after water. The Indians were only a few yards away, and were driven off by a volley from the guard. In the trenches Capt. Dodge brought us the cheering news that our despatches reached Bear River safely, and would undoubtedly reach Rawlins. We have been counting the hours which it will probably take for relief to reach us. We all agree that Gen. Merritt, from Fort Russell, with the companies of the Fifth Cavalry there, and all other available troops will be ordered to our rescue, as they will all be needed to finish the campaign. The field of battle was admirably chosen for defense by the Indians, and had it not been for Maj. Thornburg's advance guard, commanded by Lieut. Cherry, discovering the ambuscade,

THE ENTIRE COMMAND WOULD HAVE BEEN ANNIHILATED.

He saw a small party of Indians disappear over a hill half a mile in front, and at once divided his party to reconnoitre, and only discovered them when he had flanked their position by about 200 yards. Cherry rode back at full speed with the two or three men who were with him, and notified Maj. Thornbury, who had already began the descent into the deep ravine which was intended to

ENGULF THE COMMAND.

The Indians were dismounted and lying down along the crest of a high steep ridge, not a hundred yards from the point where the deadly assault would have commenced. The troops were withdrawn a short distance dismounted and deployed in line of battle, with orders to await the attack of the Indians. Lieut. Cherry was then ordered by Thornburg to take a detachment of 15 picked men and make a reconnoissance and communicate, if possible, with the Indians, as it was thought that they only desired to oppose his approach to their agency, and would parley or have a big talk, if they could be communicated with. Cherry moved out at a gallop with his men from the right flank, and noticed a like movement of about 20 Indians from the left of the Indian position. He approached to within a couple of hundred yards of the Indians and took off his hat and waved it, but

THE RESPONSE WAS A SHOT

fired at him, wounding a man of his party, and killing his horse. This was the first shot, and was instantly followed by a volley from the Indians. The work had now begun in earnest, and seeing the advantage of the position he held Cherry dismounted his detachment and deployed along the crest of the hill to prevent the Indians flanking his position or to cover the retreat, if found necessary to retire upon the wagon train, which was then coming up slowly, guarded by Lieut. Paddock, Company D, Fifth Cavalry. Orders were sent to pack the wagons and cover them with the company guarding them. The two companies in advance were Capt. Payne, Co., F, 5th cavalry, and Capt. Lawsons, Co., B 3d cavalry, which were dismounted and deployed as skirmishers. Capt. Payne on the left and Capt. Lawsons on the right. From Cherry's position he could see that the Indians were trying to cut him off from the wagons and at once sent word to Maj. Thornburg who then

WITHDREW THE LINE SLOWLY,

Keeping the Indians in check until opposite the point which his men had, when seeing the Indians were concentrating to cut off his retreat, Capt. Payne with F Co., cavalry, was ordered to charge the hill, which he did in gallant style, his horse being shot under him, and several of his men wounded

THE INDIANS HAVING BEEN DRIVEN

from this point, the company was rallied on the wagon train. Maj. Thornburg then gave orders to Cherry to hold his position and cover Capt Lawsson's retreat, who was ordered to fall back slowly with the lead horses of his company. Cherry called for volunteers of 20 men, who responded promptly and fought with desperation. Their names will be given in later dispatches, as

NEARLY EVERY MAN WOUNDED

before he reached camp and two men killed. Cherry brought every wounded man in with him. Capt. Lawson, a brave old veteran, displayed the greatest coolness and coursge during this retreat, sending up ammunition to Cherry's men when once they were nearly without it. Maj. Thornburg started back to the wagon train after giving his final orders to Capt. Payne to charge the hill, and to Capt. Lawson and Lieut. Cherry to cover his retreat. He must have been

SHOT DEAD,

when barely half way here, as his body was seen by one of Capt. Lawson's men, lying on his face. Capt. Payne, then in command, at once set about having the wounded horses shot for breastworks, dismantling the wagons of boxes, bundles of bedding, corn and flour sacks, which were

QUICKLY PILED UP FOR FORTIFICATIONS.

Picks and shovels were used vigorously for digging entrenchments. Meantime a galling fire was concentrated upon the command from all the surrounding bluffs, which commanded the position, Not an Indian could be seen, but the

INCESSANT CRACKS OF THEIR SHARP'S AND WINCHESTER RIFLES

dealt fearful destruction among horses and men.

THE GROANS OF THE DYING,

and the agonizing cries of the wounded told what havoc was being made among the determined and desperate command. Every man was determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and about this time

A GREAT DANGER WAS APPROACHING

at a frightfully rapid pace. The red devils at the beginning of the fight had set fire to the grass, and to the sage brush, to the windward, a fair position, and it now came sweeping down toward us

THE FLAMES LEAPING HIGH INTO THE AIR,

and immense volumes of smoke rolling on to engulf us. It was a sight to make the stoutest heart quail, and the fiends were waiting ready to give us a volly as soon as we were driven from our shelter. Now it reaches the flank and blankets, blouses and empty sacks were freely used to extinguish the flames. Some of the wagons were set on fire, which required all the force possible to smother it.

NO WATER CAN BE OBTAINED,

and the smoke is suffocating, but the fire passes and we will hold our position. Meantime a constant volley is poured upon us, Capt. Payne being wounded for the second time, and First Sergt. Dolan, of Co. F, killed instantly. McKinsley and McKee were killed and many others wounded.

OUR GREATERT DANGER NOW IS PAST.

The men have now mostly covered themselves, but the poor horses and mules are constantly falling about us.

Just about sundown a charge was attempted, but was repulsed the Indians trying to drive off some of our horses which had broken loose, The attack ceased at dark, and soon every man was at work enlarging trenches, hauling out the dead horses, caring for the wounded, and burying thedead. At daylight the attack was resumed, and the firing of the sharpshooters has been kept up every day since, and occasionally at night, sending us to our pits in a scramble.

THIS IS THE FIFTH DAY OF OUR SIEGE, but we are determined to hold it, if it takes a month for succor to reach us, but we are confident that Gen. Merritt, whose name is upon the lips of every one, is on the road to rescue us. The names of the

KILLED AND WOUNDED

are as follows:

Killed—Maj. Thornburg, 4th Infantry.
First Sergt. John Dolan, Co. F, 5th Cavalry.
Private John Burns, Co. F, 5th Cavalry.
Michael Firerton, Co. F, 5th Cavalry.
Samuel McKee, Co. F, 5th Cavalry.
Amos D. Miller, Co. F, 5th Cavalry.
Thos. Morey, Co. D, 5th Cavalry
Michael Lynch, Co. D, 5th Cavalry
Chas. Wright, Co. D, 5th Cavalry.
Dominick Cuff, Co. E, 3d Cavalry.
Wagon Master McKorsley.
Teamster McGuire.

WOUNDED.

Capt. Payne 5th Cavalry; slight wound in arm and side.
Dr. Paddock, 5th Cavalry; flesh wound in hip.
Dr. Grimes; flesh wound in shoulder; Co. F, 5th Cavalry—Sergt. John Morrill.
Trumpeter Fred. Sutcliff.
Trumpeter John McDonald.
Private Jas. F. Gibbs, John Hoaxey, Emil Kursmal, Eugene Palterson, Frank Simmons, Eugene Schickedorf, Wm. Esser, Gottleib Steger, Co., D, 5th cav. Privates, Nichols, Henry, Thos. Lynch, Fred Burnhart, Emaller, Co., E, 3d cav. Sergt. Jas. Montgomery, Sergt. Allen Hampton.
Corporals C. F. Eichwurzel F. Hunter; Privates Jas. Conway, John Crowley, W. H. Clark, Orland Durand, Thos. Ferguson, Thos. Lewis, Edward Lovell, Willard Mitchell, John Mahoney, Jas. Patterson, Wm. Schubert, Thos. McNamara, Marcus Hanson, Jas. Budka, John Donovan; teamsters Thos. Cain —Nelson, and guide Lowry.

With the exception of Guide Lowry, the wounds of the above named men are not serious. His is probably mortal. Total killed, 12; total wounded, 43.

LATER—OCT. 8TH, SIX P. M.

No courier could be gotten off last night owing to the constant firing of the Indians into camp. The moon came up an hour after dark, and a volley was poured in at once. Our party who went after water was unmolested, and had our little stockade all cleared for action before the firing was resumed. As I write this dispatch the bullets are whistling over the top of the trench. They often strike the grain stacks a few inches above our heads, but we are deep enough to be comparatively safe.

LATER—October 8th, 6 P. M.—Hurrah! hurrah! Merritt has come, and the surrounding hills resound with the cheers of welcome. A courier goes out at once.

The Situation in Southern Colorado.

DENVER, Oct. 7.—The following dispatches received and sent by the Government show the Indian situation in the South. So far there has been no authentic report of an actual outbreak or depredation:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Oct. 7.

Gov. F. W. Pitkin, Denver:

The Secretary of War is here, and the arms and ammunition you ask for will be sent at once from Rock Island. As soon as he leaves here (to-morrow) I will go to Denver and see you.

(Signed) JOHN POPE,
Brevet Major-General.
KOKOMO, Col., Oct. 7.

Gov. Pitkin:

The Indians are within 18 miles of Kokomo. Have plenty of men but no arms. Can you send 150 stand of arms and ammunition immediately? The Mayor of the town will be responsible for them. Please indicate how the arms will be sent. Answer immediately. JOHN W. JONES,
Acting Mayor.

To His Excellency, Gov. Pitkin:

CARBONATEVILLE, Col., Oct. 7.—Our citizens are organizing to repel an attack from the Indians, but we are without arms or ammunition. We respectfully request 100 stand of arms, with ammunition, and will be responsible to the State for the return of all arms furnished.

CHARLES D. MOORE,
L. P. HARRISON,
JOHN W. JENKINS,
D. A. CHADWICK,
S. R. CREAM.
LAKE CITY, Oct. 5.

To Gov. F. W. Pitkin:

At a citizen's meeting last night a committee on safety was appointed, consisting of Terry, Simmons, Finley, Henry and McDougall. A citizens' volunteer company was organized. We have plenty of men, but are without arms and ammunition. We want 100 stand of arms and plenty of ammunition. Give us the arms and Utes and San Juan will take care of both.

M. B. GERRY,
Chairman Com. of Safety.

LEADVILLE, Col., Oct. 7.—Information received since my last dispatch to you leads to the belief that there are no Indians within 50 miles of this place in any direction. I do not hear of any unusual excitement anywhere on the frontier. If I get any different information will advise you promptly. GEN. H. WILSON.
ALAMOSA, Col., Oct. 7.

To Gov. Pitkin, Denver:

I have arrived at Alamosa, and am now moving troops to the Southern Ute country. I am instructed by the Department Commander to communicate with you. My first effort is to secure the settlement. If you have any information from Uncompahgre please send to me.

[Signed] HATCH, Commanding.
DENVER, Col., Oct. 7.

To Gen. Hatch, Alamosa:

The latest from San Juan is contained in the papers of yesterday morning, except that the citizens are organized, with such guns as they could get without military knowledge. I think some cavalry should be sent immediately from Alamosa to Lake City, and thence to Ouray, or Silverton, or other points, as the necessities may require, to protect the citizens. They would be in a central point for the defense of the settlements, and the State troops and miners would co-operate. Dispatches this morning from camps west of Leadville indicate that the Indians are not in that vicinity.

[Signed] F. A. PITKIN, Governor.

Hatch replied that he was arranging to make the disposition suggested.

ALMA, Col., Oct. 7.

To Gov. Pitkin:

A man just in reports that the Indians are between here and Breckenridge, and that Breckenridge is entirely burned down. Don't know the truth.

JOS. MONEYHAN.

Mr. Moneyhan is a reliable man, but the rumor is not credited.

The following from Gen Hatch indicates that he had heard the same rumor:

ALMOSA, Col., Oct. 7.—4:30 P. M.

GOV. PITKIN—Please give particulars of Indian troubles at Alma, Dudley and Breckenridge. E. HATCH, Commander.

The Governor telegraphed Moneyhan to send out runners to see if the reports were true, and promised to send troops by special train if necessary, and notified Hatch accordingly.

TRAIN ROBBERY.

The Leader of the Band is Probably Jesse James.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 8.—The Chicago & Alton passenger train that left here at 6 o'clock this evening was stopped at Glendale, a station some 15 miles from this City. Twenty robbers, it is said, were engaged in the raid. The express car was robbed and the telegraph office destroyed. A number of the passengers were robbed. Altogether, it is said, the robbers secured some $30,000. A number of shots were fired to intimidate the trainmen and passengers, but no one was hurt.

Glendale is a station that has but few people. At about 6:30 o'clock a band of 15 mounted men rode into this place and directed the citizens to go into the depot, where they were locked in. The leader of the band and two others went into the telegraph operator's office and smashed the instruments. Then, at the point of their revolvers, they compelled him to hang out a signal for the approaching train to stop. In the meantime other members of the gang had piled large stones and other obstructions upon the track. The train came on and, seeing the green light, slowed up and halted at the station. Two men instantly covered the fireman and engineer with revolvers, threatening them with death if they stirred hand or foot. Conductor S. C. Greenman jumped off the train to see what the matter was, and was seized and rushed into the depot and guarded there. Members of the gang walked up and down by the passenger coaches, firing their guns and pistols and threatening with death any passenger who should attempt to leave the cars. Others of the band had got a crow-bar and were endeavoring to break in the door of the express car, and finally the door was battered down. Wm. Grimes, the messenger, had unlocked the safe and put the money in a sack. He tried to get away with the sack, but was knocked on the head with the butt of a revolver and fell to the floor. The keys of the safe were taken from him, and also the sack of money. The safe was then thrown out of the car. When this was done the train was allowed to proceed on its way. The train was detained by the robbers for nearly an hour. They unlocked the safe took out the contents, and mounting their horses, rode off in a southeasterly direction. All the men were masked except the leader and one other. The leader's description tallies with the appearance of the noted Jesse James, of the well known James brothers Citizens of Glendale say there is no doubt that the leader was Jesse James. Pursuit of the band has been commenced. A special train left for Glendale to night with a pursuing party on board.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Oct. 9.—The night express of the Chicago & Alton Road, which left Kansas City at 6 o'clock this evening, bound for Chicago & St. Louis, met with a thrilling adventure soon after its wheels had commenced to tell off the miles across the field and forests of Missouri. The country for many miles this side of Kansas City has a noted history as having been for many years the abode of bands of desperados and robbers. During the rebellion the vicinity of Independence, now on the Chicago & Alton, about 25 miles out of Kansas City, was the rallying ground of the bush whackers and guerrillas, whose stronghold were upon the Big and Little Blue, and in other dark and dismal hiding places hereabouts. Between Independence and the Town of Blue Springs, and about 30 miles from Kansas City, is the Village of Glendale, which consists of a water tank, a small station house and a few dwellings. These nestle in the dark shadows of a hollow, a dismal and forlorn place. About 7 this evening, a few minutes before the express train from Kansas City was due, 12 masked men entered the station and took possession, enforcing strict obedience with wicked looking revolvers and other weapons. Mr. W. E. Bridges, Assistant Auditor of the road, was in the office, with Agent McIntire. The robbers ordered them to throw up their hands, which they did at once. They then relieved them of all their effects, and took what they chose of the contents of the office. They then placed them under guard and demolished the telegraph instruments. Having done this they cut the wires outside the office, and then awaited the arrival of the express. Soon the train arrived, and the engine stopped at the tank, and the masked men took possession of the train. Three men, climbing into the express car, ordered the startled messenger, Grimes, to surrender and deliver his keys to them. When he manifested a disposition to defend the property of the company he was struck on the head with the butt of a heavy revolver and knocked down and overpowered. The robbers seized his keys and took packages estimated to contain about $35,000 in currency from the safe. Meantime the rest stood guard, offering no violence to Conductor Greenman and his assistants, and not disturbing the passengers.

They immediately went away, mounting horses and scattering, while the train departed for the East. The whole affair occupied less than five minutes. Manager Grimes was not badly hurt. When the train reached Blue Springs the facts were reported. Soon after Bridges and McIntire succeeded in repairing the severed wires, and Kansas City was soon accessible, but having no instruments, Glendale was not.

A special train was ordered to take a heavy force of men from Kansas City to Glendale, and also from Independence, and in a few minutes they were in hot pursuit. It is quite confidently expected that some captures will be made before morning, as the bluffs of the two Blue rivers are filled with horsemen, and scouts are being sent out in every direction.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—General Manager J. C. Mullin, of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, will in to-morrow's papers offer a reward of $15,000 for the arrest of the gang of train robbers who last night stopped the C. & A. train and rifled the Express Company's safe, at Glendale, Mo., and a proportional part of the amount will be given for the capture of a part of the robbers. Although the loss falls entirely on the Express Company, the railroad authorities are determined to prevent, if the most stringent measures will do it, any recurrence of the outrage and to break up the band of outlaws who perpetrated it. Auditor Budges, who was at the station when the affair occurred, telegraphs here to refute the insinuations that the station agent at Glendale, McIntyre, was in the conspiracy to rob the train, and says but for the pluck and efficiency of Mr. McIntyre that the telegraph office would not have been repaired last night and the disaster might have been much greater. The express company were liable to save a large proportion of the property stolen, as payment can be stopped upon the drafts, checks, &c which largely made up the contents of the packages.

ANOTHER HORROR

Utter Wreck of an Express Train

Loaded With Passengers.

DETROIT, Oct. 10.—A serious and painful accident occurred on the Michigan Central Railroad a short distance east of the Jackson Junction, about one o'clock this morning. The Pacific Express train bound west which left Detroit 40 minutes late, collided with a switch engine on the main track at this place, telescoping the baggage and express cars and piling the remaining coaches, 11 in number, on the top of the others. The fire from coach was filled with emigrants, most of whom are killed or seriously injured. Many occupants of the other coaches are also killed or injured. It is supposed there are about 20 or 25 persons killed and 20 or 30 wounded. The majority of the number is thought to be emigrants and second class passengers. Physicians and surgeons were at once summoned from Jackson to the scene of disaster, and a special train, carrying physicians, left Detroit at 5 A. M. A large force of employees of the railroad company, together with a large number of citizens of Jackson, are on the ground engaged in the work of extricating bodies from the wreck. Railroad officials and surgeons are busily at work among the wounded, doing everything in their power to relieve suffering. The names of the killed and wounded will be sent as soon as they can be ascertained.

UP TO NOON

Eighteen dead bodies had been taken from the wreck of the express. 10 of whom, taken from the emigrant car, have not yet been identified. The identified killed are:

Milton Gilbert, Detroit, engineer of the express train.

C. B. Smith, Jackson, fireman of the express train.

John Rice, wife and daughter, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Garland and ten year old daughter, Philadelphia.

Lewis Mongeon, Buckingham, Canada, and an infant daughter of Mrs. George A. Jones, of Cholada, Pennsylvania.

The following is a list of the names of the wounded as far as can be obtained:

M. J. Carlisle, express messenger, Detroit, collar bone broken.

A. A. Bennett, baggage man, Detroit, badly cut and bruised

Wm. Buggy, Troy, Vermont, right leg and thigh crushed.

O. M. Garlin, Philadelphia, cut on head and hurt internally.

Arthur Rogers, Philadelphia, cut and bruised, not dangerous.

Reuben Carter, Gardner, Ills., hands cut and left thigh broken.

Geo. A. Cunningham, Janesville, Wis., left arm broken in two places.

Hor Misdas, Canada, cut and bruised.

E. J. Parnell, St. Catharines, Ont., left leg broken.

Mrs. E. J. Parnell, St. Catharines, Ont., severely injured in the head and knee.

Mrs. J. F. Parnell, Toronto, head cut.

John Jeffries, Newark, head crushed; probably fatal.

Willie Rice, aged four, Philadelphia, leg broken and face cut; recovery doubtful. His father, mother and sister were killed.

Mrs. Laura A. Finley Walworth, New York, bruised about the head and face.

Mrs. R. J. Warren, Ganges, Mich., bruised about back and shoulders.

Henry Burrows, Newfoundland, Pa., cut in head.

Arandus Masonnuve (Frenchman) Buckingham, Can., severe contusion of face and head.

Palmas Masonnuve, Buckingham, Can., cut in head and leg.

Delbert M. Benjamin, Jersey City, N. Y., hip, head and legs, slight.

Wm. Bunney, Galt, Ont., leg bruised.

Mrs. A. M. Steele, Detroit, leg sprained and badly bruised.

Mrs. Thomas Clement, Lockport, N. Y., arm and head badly cut—severely bruised back and head.

Mrs. B. B. Hart, Clinton, Iowa, head cut severely.

Robt. Neill, Trenton, Canada, injured in back and body.

Leopold Hoffman, Randolph, Mass., cut in head and foot.

Mrs. Geo. A. Jones, Chalada, Pa., cut and bruised on head and left side. One of her children 15 months old was killed instantly, and another badly injured on the head.

S. M. Sparklin, of Philadelphia, thinks his wife and children, aged four and six, are among the dead, but the bodies have not been found.

The engineer and fireman of the express train were literally torn to pieces, but the engineer and fireman of the switch engine escaped injury by jumping from the engine. The train was made of seven Wagner sleepers, four passenger coaches, and mail and baggage cars. The tender of the express engine was telescoped into the baggage care about half its length. This car in turn forced its way into the mail car, and these crowded the first passenger coach right on the embankment and crashed back through the two following.

The passengers in the first coach were comparatively unharmed, the harvest of deaths being reaped in the second and third coaches. The fourth coach escaped with slight damage, and none of the Wagner coaches were injured. As near as can be ascertained, the accident was caused by the switchman having charge of the making up of the freight train at Jackson Junction occupying the main track with a switch engine and caboose, he understanding that the Pacific Express was considerably behind time. The Express train, however, had made up nearly all lost time.

European Grain Trade.

LONDON, Oct. 8.—The Mark Lane Express says: The weather has continued broken and unsettled. Heavy showers have alternated with brief intervals of sunshine. In the middle Counties the rainfall has been excessive, and harvesting was carried on in a very desultory manner. Much of the corn in other parts of the Kingdom remains unstacked, the greater part of the wheat and barley recently cut being in such a damp condition that sprouting or heating in the stack must inevitably ensue. The cutting and carrying have proceeded very slowly in the north, and the want of dry weather is much felt.

In Scotland farmers have also suffered further loss, owing to the prevalence of gales, which have shaken out much of the standing barley; but oat fields withstood the action of the wind to a great extent, as the grain is still unripe. Root crops and pastures have improved a little.

As a rule Ireland has been more favored, and with the exception of stoppage a few days, owing to the heavy rains, harvest operations have been carried on briskly.

In the South of England many fields are now cleared but the results upon threshing are most disappointing as to condition, quality and yield. Judging from the few samples hitherto shown wheat is light, damp, and sprouted. Barley is in many instances discolored, and unfit for malting. The deliveries at 150 principal towns are 14,186 quarters of wheat, against 70,791 quarters for the corresponding week of 1878. The average price is nearly a shilling lower.

Trade opened very firmly at the beginning of the week, both in the country and Mark Lane, and there was an advance of two to three shillings on wheat, and shilling on sack and barrel flour. A large business was done in London Monday; but on Wednesday the edge seemed to be taken off trade; as having satisfied their more pressing needs, millers seemed disposed to stand aloof and watch the course of events. At the same time a fair degree of steadiness has been preserved, the imports into London having been quite moderate; but the excitement of

Dr. Hoshi's IRON TONIC

Is a Preparation of IRON and CALISAYA BARK, in combination with the Phosphates.

Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, &c., &c.

Manufactured by the Dr. Harter Medicine Co., Nos. 215 N. Main Street, St. Louis.

The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily.

Gentlemen.—Some three months ago I began the use of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, at the solicitation of many friends who knew its virtues. I was suffering from general debility, loss of appetite, and labor was exceedingly burden some to me. A veg

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

Sec. Schurz, since his return to Washington says that he does not think the Ute outbreak will assume formidable proportions, but as the Indians are fighting in the mountains it may prove tedious and troublesome. He regards the outbreak as something to have been expected, as the Utes of that section are determined to pursue a savage mode of life, and are entirely disclined to work or to learn farming. It would consequently have required sooner or later, a collision, to teach the Indians that the power of the Government is sufficient to compel respect and make it advisable for them to adopt a more peaceful and orderly mode of life.

No excuse for the outbreak can be alleged on the part of the Government to supply the Indians with all the necessaries of life. He says the evidence is clear that they have been most abundantly cared for. They have, however, been almost constantly aggravated by encroachment of white settlers upon their reservation, and doubtless they had the feeling for some years that they would eventually be forced off the lands guaranteed them by treaty provisions.

The Secretary is well pleased with what he saw on his trip, especially among the Sioux, so recently the most dreaded and dangerous of all the wild tribes. He believes that the Sioux, if called upon by the Government, would accomplish the complete subjugation of the Utes in a very short space of time. Everywhere he went he found the Indians entirely satisfied with Government treatment. They had no complaint whatever to make. At a council fire Spotted Tail said: "We have nothing to find fault with. We have everything we wish. You have done everything you promised to do."

A dispatch says Ralph Meeker, son of N. C. Meeker, the late Indian Agent at White River Agency, has been appointed Special Agent of the Department of the Interior for the purpose of visiting White River Agency at the earliest practicable day and recovering the bodies of his father and such other persons as may have been killed. He will also gather up the papers, etc., of the Agency.

At Washington October 13, the United States Supreme Court re-assembled. The days of sitting will probably be a short one, as no decisions are to be announced, and the time is expected to be occupied in hearing motions to dismiss cases and for postponements. The President, being absent from the City, has sent a message to the Court by Attorney General Devens, expressing regret that he will not be able to receive their customary visit on the first day of their annual term, but stating that it will give him great pleasure to receive them after his return to Washington at any time which the court may select. On Tuesday the court will commence hearing the argument in a series of so-called political cases, which, on account of their public importance, have been advanced. Early in the session there will probably be heard the case of Strander vs. the State of West Virginia, which is that of a colored man who was convicted of crime under the statute of West Virginia, which expressly excludes colored men from sitting on juries the contention of the plaintiff in error being that said law of that State is unconstitutional. Attorney-Gen. Devens and Mr. Willoughby will appear for the plaintiff in error, and it is understood that Sen. Gordon, of Georgia, has been retained to assist the Attorney General of West Virginia in defending the suit. All members of the Court are in town and will be upon the bench to-morrow except Justice Hunt, whose condition however, is such as to render it manifestly inexpedient to postpone the hearing of arguments in important cases with any hope of his being able to participate.

EAST.

At Baltimore, Oct. 8, the Directors of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company ordered a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. on the stock of the main stem and a semi-annual dividend of five per cent. on the stock of the Washington branch: both payable November 1st. The Board unanimously elected Robert Garrett third Vice President, a new office made necessary by the removal of John King, jr., first Vice President to Cincinnati and the fast increasing business of the road.

WEST.

At San Francisco, Oct. 7, Gen. Grant and party arrived by special train from Merced. In the afternoon he went out for a drive, visiting, among other places, the Sub-Treasury and Custom House, and at 3 o'clock left the City with Sen. Sharon, whose guest he will be at Belmont during the next two days. Thursday evening Sen. Sharon gave a reception in honor of the General for which over 1,500 invitations are issued. The Grant party returned to San Francisco Thursday. Gen. Grant, Mrs. Grant, U. S. Grant, jr., John Russell Young, Mr. Dent and daughter, Gen. Miller, wife and daughter, Miss Jennie Flood and brother, Mrs. Gen. McDowell and daughter, Ex-Gov. Lowe, Sen. Jones and a few others, sailed for Portland Thursday at 1 P. M., on the steamer "St. Paul," which Gen. Miller has placed at Gen. Grant's disposal. The "St. Paul" has been refitted for the convenience of the distinguished guest and his friends.

At Grand Rapids Mich. several months ago George G. Steketee registered certain labels used on bottles containing medicine made by him. Kimm & Harvey, the former at one time Steketee's associate in business, used similar labels. Steketee filed a bill in the United States District Court for an injunction to restrain Kimm & Harvey from using such labels. Counsel for defense maintained that the statute authorizing registration did not give complainant the right and remedy sought; that the court had no jurisdiction in the case; that Congress had no power to make a law giving to any person the right and the remedy claimed by complainant on the 7. Judge Withey sustained the defense and dismissed the bill.

On Wednesday Oct. 1st, the election in Colorado was for a Supreme Judge and county officers. The day passed very quietly, not more than half a vote being polled. Returns come in very slowly, but the few indications are that the Republicans have carried the election. Ex-Gov. Routt, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, estimates the majority for Beck, for Supreme Judge, at nearly 5,000, a gain of 2,000 over last year's vote. In Araphoe county the Republicans have elected every man on a straight Republican ticket by a majority of 300. There was little interest in the contests, as the State ticket contained but one name, that of Beck.

A dispatch says the Coroner's jury which held the inquest to determine the cause of the falling of the grand stand at the Adrian Fair Grounds, by which 15 lives were lost and 270 injured, rendered a verdict late Saturday night, to the effect that W. T. Lawrence, the owner of the stand, Sizer, the architect, E. H. Armstrong and Henry Armstrong, the carpenters who built the stand, were guilty of criminal negligence. All but the latter were arrested yesterday on a charge of manslaughter, and were arraigned this forenoon and pleaded not guilty, and were released on $3,000 bail. Their examination takes place October 22d. E. H. Armstrong has not yet been arrested.

SOUTH.

At Baton Rouge, Oct. 8, the Democratic Convention completed the State ticket. Lieut. Governor—S. P. McEnry; Attorney General—J. C. Egan; Secretary of State—W. A. Strong; Auditor—Allen Jomel; Superintendent of Public Education—E. Hay.

The platform recommends the adoption of a new Constitution, declares for a free ballot and denounces the election of Hayes and Wheeler to the Presidency and Vice Presidency as a crime against the freedom of the people. It calls for the admission of Spofford to the Senate and eulogizes Gov. Nichols for his great services to the State and the Democratic Conservative party.

At Atlanta, Oct. 6, the Senate reached a vote on the articles of impeachment against Treasurer Renfroe. On the three first, which were the main articles, the vote stood 25 for guilty, 17 not guilty, being less than a two-thirds vote. On the others a still more favorable vote to the Treasurer was given, on the fifth and sixth getting over a majority for not guilty, thus acquitting him on every charge, and he was dismissed.

FOREIGN.

Great Britain.

The London Times' correspondent at Preston reports two mills which have been closed some time have re opened, though the depression is still keenly felt throughout North Lancashire. The spinners and manufacturers are more hopeful than they have been for months. Cotton is decreasing in price. There is a prospect of large arrivals and a better selling for manufactured goods is expected. In East Lancashire, too, the prospect is more hopeful. The operatives association urges the general adoption of short time working. During the past week the shipments of pig iron from Cleveland has been on a scale unprecedented during the recent history of trade, averaging 5,500 tons daily. This was caused by the demand of the United States. Six thousand tons have been shipped direct from Middlesborough to American ports, while still larger quantities have been sent to Scotland.

At Birmingham, Oct. 10, at a quarterly meeting of the iron trade prices were strong all around and in several instances an advance was obtained. Extensive purchases of tin plates were made by Americans at four and six shillings per box, an advance on the recent minimum rates. Americans also made large contracts for raw and old iron.

A Times dispatch from Gen. Roberts' camp reports that three Afghan regiments previously unengaged, with remnants of other regiments, and many of the City people are opposing the advance of Gen. Baker. The Afghans occupy a strong entrenched position on the hills of Cabul. The engagement mentioned in a previous dispatch was confined to an artillery duel. The coming on of night prevents the infantry from making an attack, but heavy firing continued after dark.

At London Oct. 12, during the last week over 500 tons of iron have been shipped from the River Tees to the United States. The shipments have hitherto consisted almost exclusively of Cleveland pig iron, but 500 tons of puddled bars are included. The orders now executing amount to 45,000 tons of pig iron. There are also three orders for puddled bars and manufactured iron, and others for scrap iron and steel. The recent rise in prices had checked orders for the time; but enquiries are now renewed, and additional American orders are expected.

A London disdatch says at a great anti-rent meeting in Navan, Ireland, yesterday, Parnell, the Member of Parliament was most enthusiastically received. Thirty thousand people were present and scores of triumphal arches spanned the streets. During Parnell's speech there were shouts landlords. Sullivan O'Connor Power and O'Sullivan also spoke. The last named declared that shooting landlords could do no no good in future whatever it might have done in the past.

Germany.

At Berlin, Oct. 7, returns as far as received show that of 405 members of the Prussian Diet known to have been elected by direct elections, 154 are Conservatives, 92 Ultramontanes, 101 Liberals, 34 Progressists, 19 Poles, Particularists and one Democrat. Among the best known men returned are Von Kamecke, Bitter Ulenberg, Folk Hobrecht and Friedenthal.

At Berlin Oct. 13, the Post revives the report that the Russian Chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff, will shortly retire, and that Valyeff, the present Minister of Domains, will take charge of the foreign affairs of the Empire.

France.

At Paris, Oct. 9, some uneasiness is caused by the attitude of the Radicals and Communists who at first taught a lesson of prudence and moderation to those seeking to make political capital out of them, but have quickly been drawn into the stream of fanatical opinions until they now fancy they have to pardon and not to be pardoned. At a funeral of two of the Communists who died since their release, the crimes of the Commune were openly extolled. The candidacy of the now amnestied Communists for vacancies in the Chamber of Deputies is beginning to be organized. These furnish reactionaries with a pretext for diffusing distrust in the republic.

Haris advices says the Republique Francaise, organ of Gambetta, continues its advocacy of plenary amnesty. It is certain if Waddington is overthrown, Gambetta will not accept office and Grevy would be obliged to summon Paul Challamee Lacour, who would associate with himself a number of Extremists whose names alone would have the effect of alarming France and Europe. The language of the Radical press is becoming outrageous and is largely copied by Reactionary papers.

The Marseillaise, reviewing the accusations made against Putauux Humbert of complicity in Chaudet's execution, warns the Reactionaries that it is better in their own interest to use the word "execution" as little as possible. They should beware of reminding the Radicals that the assassins of Communins leaders are still unpunished. Bouteillier, another Extreme Radical, has been elected a member of the Paris Municipality.

Turkey.

It is stated that Gen. Roberts telegraphs on the 10th inst. from Serahsingh, that during the evening of Wednesday the enemy confronting Gen. Baker fled, abandoning 12 guns. The British cavalry pursued for several miles, but the enemy disbursed in so many directions that only a small portion were overtaken. Gen. Roberts intended to make a public entry into Cabul and take possession of Balihassar on the 11th or 12th inst.

Gen. Roberts telegraphs as follows: "We have now 110 Afghan cannons in our possession. There are some 30 more in Balihassar and a few in the City."

A dispatch dated Allahabad, Sunday evening, says the leading merchants of Cabul have come into Gen. Roberts' camp. On the night of the 18th last, a tremendous explosion was heard in Cabul. It was believed the mutineers had blown up the magazine.

A correspondent in a dispatch dated Cabul, Oct. 5th, says: Our camp is on a plateau overlooking Balla Hissar and the city. Gen. Baker has a strong brigade to camp right around the city. Not a single shot was fired. Resistance is broken for the present.

The Dry Goods Drummer in Trouble.

The Springfield, Mass., *Union* remarks as follows in regard to the abolition of the drummer: "The dry goods jobbers in the larger cities are said to be considering the matter of dispensing with the costly aid of drummers in favor of circulars and newspaper advertising. If such a method could be carried out by concerted action it would remove one of the most serious taxes upon trade which exists in the country. The ambition to sell large quantities of goods and get a wide 'run of trade' has led to this extravagant method of doing business. It has also operated unfavorably in concentrating business in the hands of the few, so that it is difficult for young men with little capital to get a fair start. The abolition of drumming would allow lower prices for goods with an equal profit, and the removal of the tax, which the consumers must eventually pay, would be a relief of no small account to the community."

Never Return.

It is said that one out of every four real invalids who go to Denver, Col., to recover health, never return to the East or South except as a corpse. The undertakers, next to the hotel keepers, have the most profitable business. This excessive mortality may be prevented and patients served and cured under the care of friends and loved ones at home, if they will but use Hop Bitters in time. This we know. See other column.

UTE INDIANS.

Further News About the Trouble.

DENVER, Oct. 8.—Reports from the south and west to day show that Breckenridge, Dudley and Alma are safe. No Indians have appeared there. None have been seen within 50 miles of Leadville. Three hundred stand of arms and ammunition will be sent to Leadville tomorrow morning. The report of Merritt's battle with the Indians is confirmed today by a dispatch to the Governor from Gen. Pope.

CHEYENNE, Oct. 8.—Later reports from Rawlins and the front contradict the report brought in this morning by the mail carrier of a fight between Merritt's command and the Utes. From the most reliable sources it is learned that Merritt had no engagement with the hostiles up to the time of relieving Payne.

CHEYENNE, Oct. 8—2 A. M.—The following is just received from Maj. Gil lings at Rawlings:

RAWLINGS, Oct. 8.—The mail carrier from Snake River is just in. He reports that Merritt reached Payne's command Monday afternoon, after a severe fight, and after killing 37 Indians. He found them all right. The colored cavalry company joined Payne last Friday night, losing all their horses but two in doing so. The mail carrier knows nothing about the condition of the officers and men. A company of the 14th Regiment were at least 24 hours behind Merritt's command.

CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—The only dispatches received at military headquarters to-day were duplicates of those received the day before. It was generally believed that Gen. Merritt would immediately push into the agency and ascertain at once as to the truth of the reported killing of Agent Meeker. That there will be some fighting before the troops reach there is more than probable. A short dispatch from Capt. Dodge announced that his company (D.) was unharmed, although completely dismounted.

Gen. Sheridan is confident, from the reports, that only the Northern Utes have been engaged, and that troops under Gen. Merritt will have no trouble in ultimately defeating them, although a long and tedious chase will probably ensue before they are brought to terms.

CHEYENNE, Wy. T., Oct. 9.—From private advices it is learned that Gen. Merritt had no fight before reaching Payne's command. After daybreak on Sunday morning Gen. Merritt, Lieut. Cherry and "M" company went out to look at the battle field where Maj. Thornburgh was killed, and which is a mile from the intrenchments. The Indians who were concealed in the rocks beyond, opened fire, and a new battle began, which lasted about an hour. It was hot, short and decisive, ending in favor of the troops, because they were protected by the bluffs.

The Indians then held up a flag of truce and came in to hold a parley. They proposed to surrender on certain conditions, which Gen. Merritt could not accept. They asked him if he insisted upon going to White River agency, and replying he did they told him they would have to renew the war. They then retired to their stronghold. In the conflict one private was slightly wounded and four horses killed. Eight Indians were killed.

During the parley, the Indians, who were a party of Jack's band, stated that 37 of their number had been killed during the five days siege of Capt. Payne's intrenchment. It was also discovered from them that they were fortifying the road to the White River Agency, so ass to obstruct the passage of the troops. As the country is very mountainous, and the roads lead through canons, they will be able to trouble Gen. Merritt considerably. At the time the letter was written giving these advices, Gen. Merritt had not determined upon a time for resuming the march for White River, further than he should do so, as soon as the men and horses were sufficiently rested.

From the Bannock agency, near Brown, Wyoming, comes the news that 100 families of Utes, accompanied by only two old bucks, have arrived at the agency. This fact shows that the Utes are expecting to have a lengthy conflict. It also demonstrates the shrewdness of the Utes, who compel the enemy to feed and protect their families. Furthermore, it bears out the impression that the hostile Utes do not number over 150 bucks.

A party of 24 miners just returned from Crescent City, on Illinois Creek, North Park, report Indians getting too numerous. A band of over 20 was seen on Sunday evening last. A party of 30 miners are fortified in Crescent City, and look for a fight soon. Pinkham's ranch, just inside the Park, is being made into a fort. Provisions and ammunition are being laid in. The ranch is only 75 miles from Cheyenne.

DENVER, Oct. 9.—The following dispatch received by the Governor to-day shows the situation in the south. The signers of the dispatches are reliable and responsible men.

LAKE CITY, Col., Oct. 9.

Gov. F. W. Pitkin, Denver:

Have just come back from the Reservation. Chief Ouray came up to the Town of Ouray, and I had a talk with him. He tells me he has sent a man by the name of Brady and six of his chiefs to confer with the White River Utes and bring them back to Los Pinos Agency. As quick as Brady gets back he will dispatch a courier to Ouray and one will be dispatched me here, with whatever news they may bring. Chief Ouray is a friend of the white people, and tells me if it comes with his people he can control a great number of them, and will turn and help the whites fight the others until they will have enough of it. Gen. Crook arrived to-night. Left Capt. A. Parseilon at Ouray.

CAPT. GEORGE J. RICHARDS,
SILVERTON, Colo., Oct. 9.

Governor Pitkin:

Reliable information to-night says the Indians have driven the agent from Los Pinos Agency to Animas City. The leading citizens call for help. We respond and send troops from Pagosa to Animas City at once. Hurry up arms and ammunition to us as requested in a former dispatch.

S. W. HUDSON,
CHARLES NEWMAN,
J. F. VOORHEES.

UPPER GUNNISON, Colo., Oct. 9.

Governor Pitkin:

Send 100 guns, with ammunition, to Ruby Camp, Gunnison County, immediately. A military company was organized here today, 76 members enrolled, N. M. Carter, Captain. Danger imminent; 204 families in camp, and only 50 guns. Building a stockade.

RICHARD IRWIN.
SILVERTON, Col., Oct. 9.

Ignatie's band, 25 miles below here are firing the timber. We organize to-night, and need at least 100 stand of arms and ammunition. Send by express to Pennington, at 11 o'clock. Reply by telegraph. Outside settlements are in great danger.

J. S. PENNINGTON,
CHAS. NEWMAN,
J. H. P. VOORHEES,
A. W. HUDSON.
DELNORTE, Col., Oct. 9.

Gov. Pitkin:

If you will give J. R. Galloway, Antelope Park, authority to recruit, mount and arm 40 men to hunt Indians, frontier fashion, you will have a more effective force than five companies of regulars. They will go light, fare and effective. Their intimate knowledge of the country will be a great advantage. Am here to carry out any orders you may wish.

J. L. PENNINGTON.

Leadville will be mostly the base of operations in Gunnison County, and arms and ammunition are being sent there as fast as possible.

DELNOUTH, Col., Oct. 9.—Gov. Pitkin: Just in, 36 hours from Silverton. On the 8th an armed party from Silverton brought in the women and children from the lower San Miguel. The settlers on Delores feel safe, but want arms and ammunition. Thirty Indians are in camp on Cascade, 20 miles below Silverton, but not in war paint. The citizens of Silverton have organized 100 men, and lack arms and ammunition. Do not anticipate danger in Silverton, but the outlying camp and settlements must have help. Send, if possible, 50 stand of arms and at least 30 rounds each. A special messenger from Silverton to me at Antelope Springs says Animas City is in danger. The agent at Los Pinos just got off with his life. The country is full of rumors, which must be taken with caution.

Indians will not attack large settlements and besiege them; will retire on isolated camps and settlers, making a quick dash and off again to the mountains. Would advise that you have a company of cavalry sent from Alamosa to Silverton via the Rio Grande—mounted miners and mountaineers to act as scouts and drive the Indians to the valley, and by a united attack of troops and mountaineers, plant them in underground reservations. Send arms here to my care. Will see them forwarded promptly. The country is all on fire.

J. L. PENNINGTON.

LOS PINOS INDIAN AGENCY, Col., Oct. 9.—Employe Brady, who went to White River with the Indian escorts under Chief Sapenaro, has returned. The Indians obeyed Chief Ouray's order, mentioned a few days ago, and as soon as the communication was received they ceased fighting and moved off. No further trouble is anticipated unless the soldiers advance. Chief Douglass sends word to Ouray that the woman, children, money and papers of the agency will be sent here when safe to do it. Ouray does not believe all the employes of the agency were killed. Ouray endorses the Agents dispatch to Washington for a Peace Commission to investigate the trouble and let the blame rest where it belongs. A runner just in from the Southern Ute Agency with a letter from the Agent, reports that a council has been held. The Utes will abide by Ouray's order and want peace, and will have nothing to do with the White River trouble, and request Ouray to inform the White River Utes of their decision.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—Col. Merritt telegraphs military headquarters under date of Oct. 11th, substantially as follows: "This morning I moved down the river to a point near White River Agency. The cavalry has been out all day in different directions looking for Indians, and report that the trails lead southerly to Grand river. I have little doubt the Indians have gone to the Uncompagna Agency. I expect Gilbert and Henry to-morrow and will then move toward Grand River, leaving a guard behind. I have buried seven bodies here, including Agent Meeker and three on the road. Am entirely in doubt respecting the force the hostiles can muster. It is clearly ascertained that all the Unita Indians joined the Utes before the Thornburg fight. If orders are to go to the southern agency and fight what we meet, I shall be glad to carry them out, but hope instructions will not be delayed. Col. Merritt regrets exceedingly the great amount of military supplies sold these Indians by ranchmen.

RAWLINS, Wy., Oct. 13.—Emil Webber and George Fuhr, two couriers, have just arrived from what was a few days ago White River agency. From them I have the following particulars:

Gen. Merritt advanced upon the agency on the 11th inst. On his way he found many dead bodies, among others the bodies of Carl Goldstein, an Israelite, who left here with Government supplies for the Utes at White River agency. He was found in a gulch six miles this side of the agency, shot twice through the shoulders. He was about two miles from his wagons. A teamster named Julius Moore, formerly from Bainbridge, Mass., who was with him when he left here, was found about 100 yards from Golestein with two bullet holes in his breast and his body hacked and mutilated with a knife or hatchet. As the command advanced through the canyon they came to an old coal mine. In it was found the dead body of an agency employe named Dresser. He had evidently been wounded and crawled into the mine to die. His coat was folded up and placed under his head for a pillow. Beside him lay a Winchester rifle containing eight cartridges. In one of his pockets a letter was found, which, as near as the courier can remember, was as follows:

WHITE RIVER, Sept. 29—1 P. M.

Major Thornburg:

I will come with Chief Douglas and another chief and meet you to-morrow. Everything is quiet here and Douglas is flying the United States flag. We have been on the ground three nights and will be to-night, not that we expect any trouble, but because there might be. Did you have any trouble coming through the canyon.

N. MEEKER,
U. S. Indian Agent.

On entering the Agency, a scene of quiet desolation presented itself. All the buildings except one, are burned to the ground, and not a living thing in sight except the command. The Indians had taken everything except flour, and decamped.

The women and children are missing and nothing whatever could be found to indicate what became of them. They either have been murdered and burned or else taken away as hostages. Their dreadful and unmentionable fate calls for the most profound sympathy.

The dead body of Father Meeker was found about a hundred yards from his house, lying on his back, shot through the heart, the left side of his head was mashed in with some blunt instrument, a piece of barrel stave driven into his mouth, and one of his hands and arms badly burned.

The dead body of W. H. Rost, Father Meeker's assistant, was found between the building and river with a bullet hole through his left ear and one under the ear. He and father Meeker were stripped entirely naked.

Another employe was found dead, stripped naked, and a bundle of paper bags in his arms, his face badly eaten by the wolves, and a bullet hole in his left breast.

Frank Dresser, a brother of the man found in the coal mine, was found badly burned. He had without doubt been killed instantly, as the bullet had passed through his heart.

The bodies of Eaton Thompson, Price Eskridge, and all other employes not named were also found. Eskridge was found two miles this side of the agency, naked, and a bullet hole through his head.

In the position occupied by the Indians during Thornburg's battle, in a breastwork made of stone, was found the dead body of an unknown white man, dressed in buckskin, sitting on his knees, his gun in position to fire. He was shot through the forehead. From this it appears the Indians are not alone in their hellish work. The supposition is the Indians have gone south to join the Southern Utes, and the impression among the officers of Merritt's command is that the Indians fought Thornburg numbered at least 700.

LIGHT AHEAD.

The Yellow Fever Abating—Latest from the Infected Districts.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 7.—Dr. Eas, who went out on a special train to investigate the report of yellow fever at Wythe depot, returned to night at 11 o'clock. The sick person is H. W. B. Stewart, a school teacher, who was taken ill yesterday. His symptoms are very suspicious. Two deaths from fever occured in the same house last year, one of them dying on the feather bed on which Mr. Stewart now lies ill. Dr. Winn, with a nurse, remained at Wythe to await further developments of the case.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 9.—Ten cases in all, seven colored and three white, were reported to the Board of Health. Among the number were W. H. D. Wendel, Malachi Rodigan and Martha Loeder.

No deaths since noon.

The following whites were supplied with nurses by the Howards: Mrs. Steele, Eugene Esslinger, Esau Terrell, Mrs. Martin.

Judge Eldridge will render a decision in the injunction trial on Saturday.

A telegram from Harrison, Miss., says: "Sick all dead."

MEMPHIS, Oct. 9.—Two more deaths have occurred—Addie D. Bowman, at the mouth of Wolf River, and P. O'Keefe, at the City Hospital. The last named is said to have been a Catholic priest, but was not recognised by the brotherhood, although they buried him this morning. The Howard Association of Memphis have telegraphed to the Howard Association at New Orleans, to furnish assistance to the sick at Harrison Depot, Miss., as they are unable to reach the place owing to the strict quarantine regulations of Mississippi.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 9—10 A. M.—One new case was reported this morning, Archie Johnson, (colored). Four deaths have occurred since last night: Robt. Johnson, at Sledge Place, two miles south of the city; Mollie Kennady, at Buntin Station; John Gawn and J. M. Williamson.

The weather is sultry and threatening.

MEMPHIS Oct. 10.—10 A. M.—Six new cases are reported: Eugene Eslinger, Jake Kantrowitch, Sam John, the last named a chinaman, and three colored. The weather is warm and sultry.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 10.—One more new case is reported, Ell Winsby, colored. No deaths since last evening. E. T. Keel, a prominent Front street grocer, was stricken last night. The Howards are making preparations to send relief to Concordia.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 14.—No new cases; 10 deaths since last night, Dillie Jacobs, a returned refugee, Jerry Edright, N. K. Bowman, Lizzie Maloney, James McBride, W. R. Smith, Frank Hale, Eugene Eastinger, Giles Tibbs and Ed. Moon. The two last are colored. The weather is clear and pleasant. John B. Cummings, President of the Board of Health of Forest City, Ark., 30 miles west of Memphis, on the Little Rock railroad, has telegraphed to the Howards for four nurses.

BURYING OF THE DEAD.

The Wounded Able to go on to Their Destination.

DETROIT, Oct. 13.—The funeral of Milton Gilbert, engineer of the ill fated Pacific express train, was held in this city yesterday. The church in which the services were held was richly draped and trimmed, and was crowded to the utmost capacity. Several hundred railroad employes from Detroit, Jackson and other places along the line of the Michigan Central being in attendance. The bereaved wife clung to the coffin during the entire services. C. B. Smith the unfortunate fireman was buried here Saturday. All other dead have been forwarded to their friends, and most all of wounded have recovered sufficiently to continue on to their destination. The body of a man having the initials G. E. R. printed on the arm, this morning was identified by his brother from Chicago, as George E. Reynolds.

How he was Cured of Swearing

John came in and inquired whether dinner was ready, and was told it was not.

"Well, why in the devil isn't it?" said he.

"Because," she coolly replied, "the wood was so —— wet that the fire would not burn."

"Why, Mary, what is the matter with you? Are you crazy or have you been drinking?"

"Neither," she said, and quietly proceeded to put on the dinner.

The beef didn't melt like butter between the teeth—it rather resisted all attempts at mastication, like so much India rubber: and John finally blurted out:

"What makes this ——beef so infernal tough?"

Mary looked up archly and replied:

"Well, John, I suppose you went down to the butcher's and without knowing the difference, picked out a piece of some ——old stag that hadn't been fed for a month."

John jumped up, looked at his wife in dismay, and wanted to know what such language from her lips meant.

"It means this John: you are the head of the family, and just as long as you think it manly to swear in my presence I intend to do the same! If you don't like to hear it you know how to prevent it."

The cure was radical, and to this day Mary has never been compelled to administer another dose of Dr. N——'s prescription.

The Value of "Esq."

Council Bluffs Union.

A young man whose money didn't hold out as long as the State Fair, dropped into the telegraph office yesterday and sent a dispatch to his father in the interior to forward him cash to reach home with. When the receiving Clerk saw that the dispatch read: "To John Blank, esq.," he suggested that a saving could be effected by erasing the "esq."

"Well, mebbe you think so, but I don't," replied the sender. "When I'm at home I can call him 'dad' all day long; but when it comes down to black and white you've got to 'esquire' him right up to the nines or walk home by the dirt road. Don't you dare leave that off—not with the roads as muddy as they are now."

In about an hour the following answer was received:

To——:

John Blank, esq., forwards you $10, and you can have more if you want it.

JOHN BLANK, Esq.

"Didn't I tell ye," chuckled the young man, as he read it. "Dad's common enough when we're all at home and rushed to get fall wheat in, but the minute his back gets rested and a stranger comes along he weighs more to the ton than any 'esq.' on legs. I tell ye, ye don't know a man till ye have hoed corn with him."

His Meaning.

While Mrs. Johnson was walking around her kitchen the other day, making a general investigation of things, her little son stepped in and said:

"Say, ma, do you know that Jack Jones just came up to see sister Jane?"

"Yes."

"Do you know they are in the parlor together?"

"I do."

"Do you know they are there gumming ——"

"What's that you say?" broke in Mrs. Johnson, rather sharply.

"I say they are there gumming ——"

"Jane wouldn't let him" broke in Mrs. Johnson with great emphasis. "Jane knows better than that!"

"Knows better than that, eh!" yelled the boy at he got outside the door. "I don't know what harm there is for them to sit in there gumming autumn leaves on a piece of card-board."

He skipped lightly out, and his mother seemed greatly relieved.

—THE secret of long life is to keep the liver perfectly healthy, which is best accomplished by using only "Sellers' Liver Pills."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PRESCRIPTION FREE

For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

FELLOWS'

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

SPEEDILY AND PERMANENTLY CURES

Congestion of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Consumption, Nervous Prostration, Shortness of Breath, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Physical and Mental Depression, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Energy, Loss of Memory. It will rapidly improve the weakened functions and organs of the body, which depend for health upon voluntary, semi-voluntary, and involuntary nervous action.

DR. HOWE'S TESTIMONY.

PITTSFIELD, ME., March, 1872.

Mr. James I. Fellows:

DEAR SIR—During the past two years I have given your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites a fair though somewhat severe trial in my practice, and am able to speak with confidence of its effects. In all those persons suffering from emaciation and the debility following Diphtheria, it has done wonders. I constantly recommend its use in all affections of the throat and lungs. In several cases consolidated lungs, it has given relief, and the patients are fast recovering. Among these are consumptive and bronchial subjects, whose diseases have resisted the other modes of treatment. For impaired digestion, and in fact debility from any cause, I know of nothing equal to it. Its direct effect in strengthening the nervous system, renders it valuable for the treatment of diseases.

I am, Sir, yours truly, WM. S. HOWE, M. D.

☞ Do not be deceived by remedies bearing a similar name; no other preparation is a substitute for this, under any circumstances.

Price, $1.50 per Bottle. Six for $7.50

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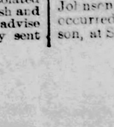

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Send Three-cent Stamp for Price List and 24 page Illustrated Catalogue, with full information.

THE POPE MANUFAC'G CO.,
74 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

The Markets.

General Produce.

DETROIT, Oct. 14.—Breadstuffs—Flour—The market is strong at $6 50. Wheat—The market 15 firmer; extra, at 129¾c; No 1 white, 129¼c cash; 129¼c for seller October, 129½c bid seller November; 131¾c seller December; milling No 1, 126 asked. Receipts of wheat, 100,000 bu; shipments, 75,000 bu.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 14.—Breadstuffs—Flour—market steady and firm; Ohio good, $7 00; winter patents, $7 50. Wheat higher; No. 2 red, in elevator, 1383/8c. Corn in limited demand; No. 2 western yellow, 54½c; seller November, 54½@55c; seller December, 54½@55c. Oats dull and unchanged; mixed western, 37½@38¾c; white, 38c.

BUFFALO, Oct. 14.—Wheat unsettled and nominal; Corn quiet and strong; car lot No 2 mixed western, 50c. Oats firm; sales, 16,000 bu No 2 Chicago at 36c. Rye inactive. Barley neglected. Canal freights nominal, boatmen asking 3½c; shippers offer 2¾c for wheat. Receipt—flour, 2,792 bbls; wheat, 214,287 bu; corn, 96,100 bu. Shipments by rail—wheat, 3,626 bu; corn, 8,572 bu. By canal—wheat, 223,105 bu; corn, 27,572 bu.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 11.—The Commercial Indicator reports wheat receipts, 18,062 bu; shipments, 20,261 bu; in store, 367,540 bu; market firmer and higher; No. 2, 104c bid; No. 3, 103½@102c; No. 4, 100c. Corn—Receipts, 2,190 bu; shipments, 980 bu; in store, 17,717 bu; market steady; No. 2 mixed, 30c b d; new, 25c. Oats—steady; No. 2, 26c bid; 27c asked. Eggs dull and weak at 12c ₱ doz., candled. Butter—choice in light supply and firm at 16@17c, medium plenty at 06@8c.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 14.—Breadstuffs—Wheat—The market advanced 1½@1c; the noon board closed unsettled at 118½c for hard; 117½c for No 1; 115c for No 2 cash and seller October; 117½c seller November; 117¾c seller December; 107½c for No. 3; 98c for No 4. 91c for rejected; receipts, 284,400 bu; shipments, 92,000 bu. Corn—Market is firm at 39½c for No. 2. Oats—Market steady at 28¾c for No. 2. Rye—Market firm at 71c for No 1. Barley—Market steady at 71¾c for No. 2.

NEW YORK Oct. 14.—Cotton—Firm at 10¾ for middling uplands. Flour—A shade stronger; receipts, 22,000 bbls; sales, 15,000 bbls; $5 65@6 40 for extra western; Round Hoop Ohio unchanged. Rye flour very firm. Wheat fevorish and 1@2c better; receipts 330,000 bu; sales, 210,000 bu; No. 2 Spring, seller November, $1 17¾. Rye quiet and strong; State, 88@89c. Corn—1@1½c better; receipts, 211,000 bu; sales, 150,000 bu; 53¼@56c for western mixed. Barley quiet. Oats very strong; receipts, 31,000 bu; sales, 75,000 bu; 28½@42½c for mixed western; 30½@42½c for white.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—Wheat—Market strong and generally higher; closed easier; No. 2 red, 120c cash; No. 2 spring, 119c cash; 119½c bid seller November; 119¾c seller December. Corn—market firm and higher; 39⅝c cash; 39¾c bid seller November; 39¾c bid seller May. Oats firmer; 28¼c cash; 28¾c bid seller November. Rye 69¼c. Barley, 75c. Pork firmer; $10 25@10 28 cash; $8 75 seller November; $9 12½ bid seller January. Whisky at 107c. Hogs—Receipts, 19,000 head; market active and stronger; heavy, $3 05@3 75; shipping, $4 00@4 80; light, at $3 10@3 60. Cattle—Receipts, 4,500 head; market dull and unimproved; natives, $4 00@4 80; butchers steady; stockers weaker; western steady and slow.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 14.—Breadstuffs—Flour strong and higher; XX, $5 10@5 30; XXX, $5 40@5 65; family, $5 75@5 90; choice to fancy, $5 95@6 75. Wheat—The market is higher; No. 2 red, 124¾@125¾c, cash; 126¾@127c for seller December; 131¾c seller December; No. 3 do, 117@117½c. Corn is better; 36c for cash; 35½c for seller November; 34⅝@34¾c seller the year. Oats higher at 26¾c cash; 26c seller December. Rye better at 64½c bid. Barley in fair supply; 70c. Whisky steady at 107c. Pork lower at $10 30. Dry salt meats some higher; young boxed meats, $4 00@4 75@5 00@5 50; fully cured loose shoulders would bring 5c. Bacon—clear ribs higher; clear ribs, $4 25@4 37½; long clear, $5 50@5 75; short clear, $5 75@6 00. Lard nominally $5 80@5 90. Receipts—Flour, 5,000 bbls; wheat, 40,000 bu; corn 12,000 bu; oats, 1,000 bu; rye, none.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 14.—Breadstuffs—Flour—Market is strong and active; western superfine, $4 20@5 00; do extra, $5 25@6 00; do family, $6 25@7 00. Wheat—Western excited and higher. No 2 western winter red, spot, 135@136c; seller October, 136c; seller November, 147@147½c; seller December, 148½@149c. Corn—Western firm and higher for futures; western mixed, spot, 59½@—c; do seller October, 59@59½c; seller November, 58¼@58½c; seller December, 57¾@57¾c; steamer, no bid offered. Oats—market higher; western white, 39@40c; do mixed, 39@40c; Pennsylvania, 40@43c. Rye higher at 95@—c. Hay—Market firm; prime to choice Pennsylvania and Maryland, $